Mar., 1910.

6d.

VOL. X

NO. 28.



THE

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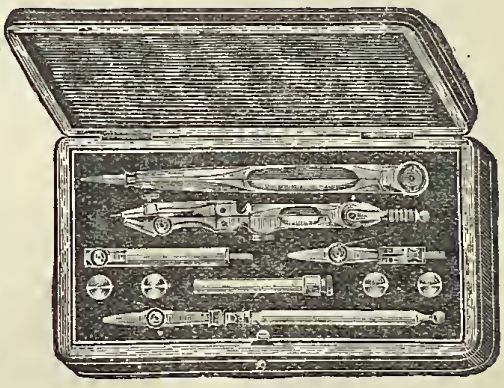
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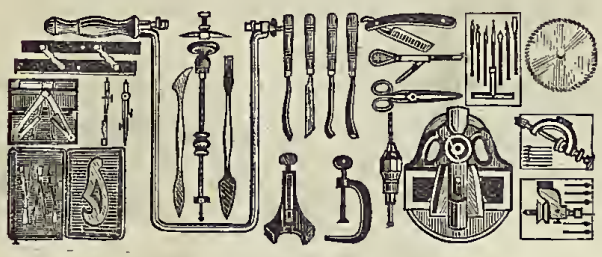
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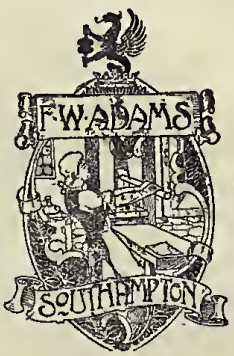
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No. 28.

Vol X. March 1910.

The . . . Hartley University College .. Magazine ..

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THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

JOHN MILTON, THE PURITAN IDEALIST:*

By F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D.

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Between eighty and ninety years ago Macaulay, in the first of his famous essays, seizing the occasion of the discovery and publication of Milton's long-lost treatise on Christian Doctrine, begged the readers of the then youthful and belligerent *Edinburgh Review* to "turn for a short time from the topics of the day" in which they took so keen an interest "to commemorate in all love and reverence, the genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty." We feel that Macaulay had no need to apologise for what he did, or to seek far for justification, even though the "topics of the day" from which he momentarily withdrew his readers' attention included matters so urgent as parliamentary reform, religious emancipation, the freedom of trade, and the abolition of slavery—to say nothing of the personal and domestic affairs of his majesty King George IV. Similarly, we feel that we, too, need not excuse ourselves if we take the opportunity of the celebration of the tercentenary of Milton's birth to follow Macaulay's example and consider the qualities which made the life and work of the Puritan poet memorable; even though, in doing so, we have for a brief space to take our minds from the discussion of political and religious problems not less important and insistent than those

*This article is expanded from an address delivered before the Congregational Union of England and Wales at Liverpool on October 20th, 1908.

which demanded solution three generations ago. For however keen is controversy, and however great are the issues involved, it is well that the combatants should now-and-again retire from the heat and tumult of conflict and should seek rest and refreshment and renewed strength on the heights where dwell the sages and the prophets and the saints—the heights where is to be breathed the inspiration of ideas, and whence is to be seen the splendour of ideals.

John Milton was before all else an idealist; simple, consistent, clear in vision, firm in conviction, courageous in utterance, regardless of consequences. He was a man of principles, not of expedients; he was attentive to ends, but careless of means; he guided his course by the stars, remaining oblivious of obstacles which might impede his advance, and careless of perils ahead. He had none of the practical statemanship which distinguished his great colleague and compeer, Oliver Cromwell; but on the other hand he was wholly free from that inconsistency, hesitation, and vacillation which at times marked the course of the harassed Protector, who frequently, amid the maze of insuperable difficulties, had to drop his eye from the contemplation of ideals in order to find a spot on which next to plant his foot. The place for idealists like Milton is not in the House of Commons, nor yet in great executive office.

In an article like the present it is impossible to enter into details of Milton's career. Moreover, even if unlimited space were at my disposal, it would be unnecessary to do so. For there is no mystery about Milton's life; there are no Miltonic problems to solve. The external facts of the poet's smooth and not very eventful course are narrated with satisfying fulness by his nephew, Edward Phillips, and by his more distant admirer, John Aubrey. The beliefs and the enthusiasms of Milton, to which Phillips and Aubrey remained blind, are clearly portrayed in the poet's own writings. Biography and autobiography together make our knowledge of Milton as complete as we can desire. But, though it is alike impossible and unnecessary here and now to tell again the familiar facts of Milton's career, it must never be forgotten that in the case of Milton, more than in the case of any other English man of letters, are the writings and the life to be identified. With him, deeds and words are but diverse manifestations of one and the same personality. No man can ever have been farther removed in spirit from the false prophets of the "Art for Art's sake" fetishism, who proclaim the severance of literature from life, preach the non-morality of beauty, and hold that noble thoughts can emanate from putrescent souls. It was Milton's austere creed that "he who would not be

frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem," and that a poet's soul should "contain of good, wise, just, the perfect shape." But a writer who strives to make his life poetic, can hardly fail to make his poems autobiographic; and just as Milton's career reveals an epic nobility of character, so do his works contain a persistent under-current of self-revelation. "John Milton himself," remarked Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "is in every line of *Paradise Lost*," and what is true of that great poem is true of all the others. They are chapters from the life of their author. As Mr. Stephen Gwynn puts it, "In all the poetry that he ever wrote, the whole man, as he was at the time of writing, is implicit." In this respect the works of Milton offer their most striking contrast to the almost contemporary works of the only master of English literature who stands above Milton in admitted supremacy—Shakespeare. Whereas Shakespeare depicted, in equal perfection, a multitude of characters of infinite variety, Milton depicted, in varying moods, but one. Whereas Shakespeare stood genially aloof from all, ready to laugh at or sympathise with each in turn, Milton projected himself outward with a consuming flame of passion. Whereas Shakespeare was so impersonal as to be for ever inscrutable, was so successful in hiding himself amid the crowd of his creatures as to be sought for in vain, Milton stands bewrayed in the splendour of every line that he wrote. There is not, there never can be, any "Baconian Theory" of the origin of the poems of Milton; not the most hare-brained puzzle-hunter has searched for a cypher through the stanzas of Milton's sonnets, or has suggested that *Paradise Lost* was left among the papers of the great Lord Chancellor as a legacy to posterity. *L'Allegro* reveals Milton in cheerful mood, hopeful in the bright morning of youth, glad in an untroubled world. *Il Penseroso* represents Milton in more serious vein, solemn at the close of the calm Elizabethan day, pensive amid the gathering clouds that tell of coming storms. *Lycidas* though cold in its lament for Edward King, is white-hot with the fire of Milton's Puritanism. *Comus* has manifold interest, but its dramatic motive is the conflict between virtue and the tempter in Milton's own soul. Even Milton's prose works—save those which he wrote to order in his official capacity—are latently autobiographic. If Milton wrote in general terms respecting divorce, it was because he himself was unequally yoked with an unbeliever; if he treated of education, it was because he was keeping school; if he dealt with the question of literary licence and advocated the freedom of the press, it was because he himself had come within the ban of the censor. But of all the writings of Milton, the three great poems of his later days are the most intensely suffused

with the poet's personality, and are the most vivid in their portraiture of the age in which they were produced. *Paradise Lost* is not only the epic of the fall of man, it is also the epic of the ruin of the cause of the Commonwealth. Not only could it have been written by no one but Milton; it could have been written by Milton himself only at the precise moment when it was written. Its astronomy (a crude compromise between the systems of Ptolemy and Copernicus); its physics; its geography; its history; its philosophy; its theology, are all eloquent of the mid-seventh-century. The King of Heaven proclaims Milton's creed from his high throne, and therefore cannot be wholly cleared from the charge of heresy. Adam enunciates Milton's opinions concerning woman, and thereby stamps himself a Puritan. Even Satan—little as Milton intended it—is made in his poetic creator's own image, and is endowed with much of his nobility; he is the personification not of evil in all its loathsomeness, but only of unsuccessful rebellion; he is a being not hateful or contemptible in immeasurable vileness, but grand in unconquerable courage: he is, in short, representative of Milton after the restoration of Charles II. The parallel may be carried still farther, viz. from the realm of persons to the realm of things. When the Lost Spirits, ejected from bliss, found it necessary to frame a constitution for the bottomless pit, they instinctively adopted that of the Mother of Parliaments with which Milton was familiar; and when the arch-fiend, seeking to adapt himself to his new surroundings, sought a model on which to form his proceedure, he could find none more suitable than the leader of the House of Commons. Even the Westminster Assembly has its counterpart in the abodes of woe; for while the infernal parliament was meeting in Pandemonium (itself of English architecture), a sub-committee of the lost withdrew to a quiet place and discussed the very themes which had engaged the attention of the Westminster divines a few years earlier in Milton's life :—

> "Others apart sat on a hill retired
> In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
> Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—
> Fixed Fate, Free Will, Foreknowledge absolute—
> And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

This depicts not only the Westminster Assembly, but also Milton's contempt for it. With respect to the other two poems, just as *Paradise Lost* portrays the fall ot the political Puritanism of Milton's middle life, so does *Paradise Regained* tell of the old man's chastened confidence in the ultimate spiritual triumph of the cause of God; while *Samson Agonistes* —the story of the blind hero, deceived by a Philistine wife, and a captive amid Jehovah's enemies—speaks with an

eloquent directness singularly discordant with the dramatic unities, so carefully observed, of the vengeance of the Lord which, though it tarry, will not fail in the end to overwhelm those Godless revellers of the Restoration—the poet's foes.

Milton's works are thus all autobiographic. But though Milton wrote incessantly of himself—explicitly in many memorable passages, implicitly in the remainder—no man was ever less of an egoist, or more free from the desire of self-glorification. His was the prophetic spirit, and he spoke either to proclaim to the elect the mysteries of God to him revealed, or to challenge the unbelievers to do battle with him as champion of the truth to his charge committed. Just as Adam and Eve in *Paradise Lost* can be understood only when it is remembered that they speak and act as representatives of the whole human race, so Milton's proud self-consciousness and uninvited self-revelation will be misinterpreted if it be not realised that he felt himself endowed with a representative, almost a mediatorial, character. It was his appointed task "to justify the ways of God to man" on the one hand, and on the other to justify the ways of the godly in England to the world. To each task he stepped forward—with the modesty of perfect self-confidence, yet with the pride of conscious divine ordination—as the typical Puritan.

The Puritanism of which Milton was the embodiment was the fine flower of that Calvinism which had risen in the sixteenth century as the protest of the reverent soul against the mediaeval penitential system, under whose blighting influence the government of the universe had seemed to be a chaos of incalculable caprice, while human destiny had become the sport and plaything of relic-vending pedlars, and mongers of indulgences. It had risen to re-proclaim, and to emphasise with a stern and remorseless insistence, the obliterated truth that behind and above the illusive phenomena of human wilfulness there lay the immutable and all-embracing decrees of Eternal and Omnipotent Will. It was this high creed, in the majestic noon-tide of its vigour, when it set forth to conquer the world, that was the main-spring of all Milton's deeds and the deep source of the inspiration of all his words. Thus Milton has attained to immortality, not, as Shakespeare has, by representing the facts and features of human nature, changeless from generation to generation, but by depicting for all time the essential characteristics of that great and heroic epoch, which, brief though its duration was, has stamped itself with an indelible impress upon the history of the world. It is one of the curious ironies of fate that, while Shakespeare is recognised as "not for an age but for all time," Milton should have become for all time the poet of his age. For Shakespeare

was apparently careless of posterity and fame; he wrote his plays to serve the purpose of a theatrical day; he left them in manuscript, allowed them to be botched by managers and actors to suit the exigencies of the stage; took no pains to revise, or correct, or even to preserve them; and died leaving their destiny to chance, so that it was not until seven years after his death that the first folio edition was published. Milton, on the other hand, deliberately wrote for posterity, and made it his life's great task to produce work which the world would not willingly let die. In *Paradise Lost* he chose a theme the interest of which seemed to him to be as wide as the universe, and the importance of which he believed could not diminish with the passing of countless generations of the race. He carefully eliminated from his vast design all elements that seemed ephemeral or touched with mortality, and dreamed that as long as the word of God should endure, so long should his theodicé remain its living interpreter. Every line shows the last finish which art could give, and there are no variant readings. But, though Milton dealt with things eternal, and with the skill of an immortal artist, he dealt with them in the light of a particular and passing theory—the theory, which in its broad outlines was the doctrine of the Puritanism of his day, but which in its details was then held, and has since been held, by none save Milton alone. Hence Milton's works are a monument, and not—what he meant them to be—a pillar of fire. They are a monument of the thoughts and emotions of a world that is dead, a monument from which humanity in its forward march is steadily withdrawing, but a monument so lofty and so grand that for centuries yet to come it will dominate the view.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)

OBITER DICTA

SIR NICKEL.

Since this is the door keeper, I am loth to contradict him.

Bede.

COMMON ROOM AT 11.30 A.M.

Let us finish our game.

Drake.

MR. H - LL - - R.

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

Gray.

THE FORWARDS.

Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

Milton.

A SENIOR AT CAMP.

Reputation, reputation, reputation,
I've lost my reputation.

Shakespeare.

SWOTTERS.

With fingers weary and worn,
And eyelids heavy and red.

Hood.

To spend too much time in studies is sloth.

Bacon.

SIDNEY.

You think that a beard is wise;
Come! be advised and clip it, neat and nice.

Anon.

COMMON ROOM:

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

Pope.

TERMINALS.

MACBETH: If we should fail!
LADY MACBETH: We fail!!

But screw your courage to the sticking place
And we'll not fail.

Shakespeare.

DEBATES.

He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
Finer than the staple of his argument.

Shakespeare.

BALCONIES.—Soirées.

Their cause I plead—plead it in Heart and Mind—
A *fellow-feeling* makes one wondrous kind.

PSYCHOLOGY LECS.

His cogitative *faculties* immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.

Carey.

RUGGER FIFTEEN.

Let us be sacrificers but not butchers.

Shakespeare.

THE PRACTICE.

The electric light shines on the balcony,
Here we will sit and let the dulcet strains
Steal on our ears. When students sing, the hall
Resounds on all sides with sweet melody,
Stay here awhile. Look, on the floor below
The conductor stands, whose baton shines like gold,
And there in front upon the stage you see
Sopranos, tenors, basses, some unnamed,
Their voices at his call bring into play
Such harmony is in their fervid souls,
But hark! they stop, a joke is made, and then
Breaks on the ear the noise of stamping feet,
Too soon, alas, the song comes to an end;
The Dragon killed, our way we'll homeward wend.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, ACT V. SC. I.

"LE SPORTSMAN."

♦ ♦ ♦

The description is not mine. I call him that because that is what, with the modesty and all truly great, he himself told me that he was—and that not once nor twice, either. He was a holy terror. In fact, if the little cherub who sits up aloft on my especial behalf had not put in the most strenuous vigil in all his overworked angelic career, I certainly should not be here writing down all this rot now—and then think what you would have missed!

I had recently made a rash attempt to test, by practical experiment, the rules so patiently and systematically instilled into my mind by the admirable French grammars on which I had been brought up—and the result has been disappointing, not to say disastrous. It couldn't have been my fault. Had I not won two special prizes for French at school? No. The failure lay with the French native with whom I had conversed. The silly man didn't understand his own language. My intimate knowledge of the exceptions to the gender rules was quite thrown away on him, and he did not seem to have even heard of half the irregular verbs among whose intricacies I dodged about with such easy fluency. Disgusted, I made up my mind to chuck studying French, and go and learn what they talked in France.

Two other enterprising spirits agreed to join the expedition, and an assortment of advertisements was soon before us, detailing in glowing terms the benefits to be derived from spending a month with M. le Professeur A. or M. le Docteur B., at various semi-educational establishments all over the country.

It was our noses that first drew our attention, somewhat violently, to the Professor's sportsmanship. On the evening of our arrival we were making a first tour of inspection round the neglected old premises, and on turning a corner of the house we ran plumb up against a solid bank of the bluest and most noisome odour I ever encountered. A chemistry lab. in full blast would be a rose-garden to it. Retiring rapidly to breathing distance, we looked back and soon discerned what was "talking" so. The decomposing body of a large heron, dangled by the legs from a staple outside a window. It had certainly not been placed there yesterday, *nor* a week ago. The position was a sunny one, and the month was August—and then the Professor proudly inquired that evening "Had we noticed his heron?" *Had* we noticed it!!! I suppose he thought we might have mistaken it for the climbing honeysuckle.

At first a hideous thought haunted us that our hosts might be cherishing the villainous design of serving up this horror for our benefit at table, and for some days we watched the uncovering of the dishes at dinner with shivers of apprehension, but as time rolled on and "It" still rotted on its nail, our fear subsided. Eventually it transpired that the function of the bird was, not to adorn the bill of fare, but to act as a kind of signboard and proclaim to the eyes, and noses, of passers-by that a mighty hunter—a very Nimrod—dwelt within.

It was not long after this that the Professor first gave us his own unsolicited testimony that he was "what the English call the sportsman." Other Frenchmen, he went on, did not understand and appreciate sport as he did. They spent all their spare time over a *petit verre* in the village tavern. But *he* was different. When he had a day off his delight was to shoulder his gun, tramp the country, and kill things in scores. Bang! . . . The Professor was radiant when we reached him. "I notice the English," he remarked, as he triumphantly pocketed the beak and two feathers that remained, "always wait till the birds fly off before they fire. That is foolish. It is *much* harder to hit them then."

So far our friend's sportsmanship had been peculiar perhaps, but not dangerous—to us. Now, flushed with success, he descended the sandy bank to the beach, and we followed, looking forward to further entertainment. A flock of sandpiper were dabbling in the wet sand below high-water mark a short distance away. The Professor set off to stalk them. Keeping close under the bank, he again stole forward, and was soon lost to sight round a bend. The instant we rounded the bend ourselves and came in view of him, the birds got up and flew back toward us. Like lightning the Professor was round on his heel and let drive, right and left a few inches over our heads. We flattened out with some speed, two of us horizontally on the shingle, while the other left a complete vertical impression, like some prehistoric fossil, of his outline in the sandbank. "My Aunt!" he gasped, still glued to the bank, "has he finished?" The sandpipers' casualties were nil. By the time we ventured to detach ourselves from Mother Earth, we spied the Sportsman creeping, heedless of all the flutter, in pursuit of less elusive game. The distance had grown safer now, but we went warily nevertheless, and took cover with great agility when there were indications that the Professor was coming into action again. This time it was a luckless cat from the fisherman's cottage just above. I believe the animal was stationary, and the range inconsiderable, but we found our "chasseur" holding his booty by the tail at arm's length for our admiration, and babbling with

delight at his achievement. The total bag for the day amounted to one cat, one titlark.

After this experience the council of three met and decided that however diverting these excursions might be, they had better not be indulged in very often if we ever meant to see England and Mother again. So shooting made way for angling, and on the spongy banks of sluggish streams we began to forget the wild alarms of the sea-shore. No practice in taking cover was afforded by our present sport; even in the Professor's hands the rod had less exciting possibilities than the gun. Some entertainment our hero certainly continued to provide. We watched him fish for trout with worm-bait, and only succeed in landing eels. Similar results attended our own efforts, and considering that no local anglers ever dreamt of using a fly, and that the streams were regularly poached at all seasons, there is nothing in the fact to marvel at. We watched him slip the eel into the same pocket where his lunch of cold mutton fat and raw onions already reposed—no paper round it or any superfluous nonsense of that sort. We watched his wrath kindle, and his many and ingenious explanations when anyone else's creel filled quicker than his own.

But we were to smell powder once more before our native land received us back to her bosom. Toward the end of our appointed period, we went by coast to visit some famous scenery. The Sportsman took his gun, to have a shot at the gulls, he said. Gull-shooting I have always held a heinous and inexcusable crime—but I cannot say I felt much anxiety on the beautiful sea-birds' account that day. Not a shot had been fired when we landed on our return. The tide was out, and solid earth could only be reached by a precarious route across several hundred yards of slippery seaweed-covered rocks. In a rash moment we let ourselves get ahead of the slower-moving Professor and his wife. I poised for a second on one foot on a particularly uneven foothold, and struggling to regain my balance, I suddenly lost it with a vengeance as a terrific report rang out behind us, and a small cloud of stone, splinters and seaweed flew against my calves. Picking ourselves up—for my companion had been toppled over too by the 'jump'—we looked anxiously back, for we feared that all too probably the our host might have slipped with his finger on the trigger, and perhaps have come seriously to grief. But no—smiling as ever he stood upon a rock, the gun smoking in his grasp. "What was it?" we shouted to him. "Rock" came unmistakeably back. "Yes, but what were you aiming at?" "Rock" came again. Making sure my ear for French was at fault, I waited till the Professor overtook us, and asked

at close quarters. The answer was the same. "You see," he explained, "it isn't *hitting* anything that matters. But I do make a point, whenever I bring my gun out, of never going home without letting off at least once. And if I see no bird, no beast—mon Dieu! a rock will serve—I am what the English call the Sportsman—*voilà donc*!" And reflecting that the 'rock' aimed at, or any rate the one hit, was but a yard or two in rear of their heels, two at least of the English called him something else.

T. H. H.

A DAY IN A UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

♦ ♦ ♦

[The following article by an "Old Hartleyan" is reprinted from "*The Lady*" of December 16th, 1909, by kind permission of the Editor of that journal.]

A University College is, as it were, a little world of itself, the doings of which are little known to the outside world. To understand college life fully—its unwritten laws and etiquette—one must spend a few years at a University College; but since this is neither possible nor desirable for every one, I propose to take my readers there in imagination for one day.

Perhaps, however, a word or two of explanation is necessary here. The teaching is in the hands of a principal and a staff of professors, varying in number according to the size of the particular college. The students (men and girls) attend the college for lectures, and, in the case of science students, for practical work in the laboratories. I might mention here that most of the students are working for science and arts degrees, although a few prepare for other exams. The girls either reside with their parents or guardians, or at the hostels provided, whilst the men in some cases reside at hostels or in recognised lodging houses. Since we now know something of what we may expect to see, we will start at once on our day's visit.

Imagine yourself in a large building containing class-rooms, laboratories, reading room, common rooms, etc. It is about a quarter to nine on a morning during the autumn term. The whole place seems deserted. We may wander through class-rooms and corridors without meeting a soul, save, perhaps, a porter here and there who has been lighting the fires in time for the first classes. The air seems chilly yet, and the rooms

are appallingly tidy. The blackboards look black and fresh from their inky bath, and the chalk and duster lie on the desk ready for the next day's work.

But at five minutes to nine a change comes over the place. The students begin to pour into the main corridor, and then depart to their respective cloakrooms. At 9 o'clock the bell rings for first lectures. Professors in caps and gowns come hurrying from their common room, and the students mingle once more in the general scurry for lectures. Very soon, however, every one has settled down, and comparative quietness reigns.

But in passing one classroom we find the door still slightly open, and hear strange sounds issuing forth. Let us peep inside, for evidently the professor has not yet arrived, and the students are filling up their time according to their tastes. The desks, we see, are arranged in lines, the first rows being occupied by girls (or perhaps I should say young women, since most of them are over eighteen years of age), the back rows being filled up by the men. These latter are singing boisterously, to the accompaniment of a stamping of feet and a beating of fists on the desks before them. Presently a step is heard in the corridor outside, and the "music" ceases, but it is only a late-coming student, whose appearance is greeted by loud cheering.

The girls, who until now have been chatting away, heedless of the uproar in the rear, look up to see who is the late-comer.

The latter gentleman (for, needless to say, a girl's entry would not have been so greeted) seems very pleased with himself, and with much solemnity he mounts the professor's platform and raps loudly on the desk.

"Order! Order, gentlemen!" he calls. "This is most unseemly conduct."

Then suddenly the door opens, and this time the professor enters. The student on the platform is missing, but if we look at the back of the room, we shall see him seated at his desk with an open note-book before him and a most innocent expression on his face. With apologies for his lateness, the professor mounts the platform and the lecture proceeds as usual.

The duration of the lecture is only three-quarters of an hour. At the end of the time the students change rooms for another lecture. This sort of thing goes on until 11.15 a.m., when all lectures stop for an interval of a quarter of an hour. Most of the girls repair to their common room to partake of biscuits,

fruit, etc.—and chatter. Oh! how those girls do chatter! Let us edge our way into the crowded room and take a peep at them. Some are sitting round the fire baking chestnuts, which will just be cooked when the bell rings for the next lecture. Some are even perched on the table, and some are standing. All, however, are talking, and their talk is of hockey, women's suffrage, topical events, and the thousand and one things that girls do talk about. All too soon, though, the bell rings, and they all hurry off to lectures again. A solitary row of half-baked chestnuts on the stove and a general air of untidiness in the room bear testimony to their recent presence.

Lectures will now go on undisturbed until one o'clock, and until that hour, I think, we will leave our friends to wrestle with the Binomial Theorem and such delights as they best may.

* * * * *

There is that bell again! It is already one o'clock, and the students and professors are hurrying out of the class-rooms. Hatted and coated individuals soon hurry from the cloak-rooms, for no time must be lost if they are to return to the college at 2.30.

One group of girls, however, is making its way towards the common room. Let us follow them and see what takes place. From a quaint little cupboard in one corner of the room cups and saucers are produced, and very soon a kettle is singing merrily on the stove.

A little discussion takes place as to whether coffee or tea shall be the beverage indulged in. This is very soon settled, and a merry little luncheon-party is seated round the table ready to do full justice to the provisions. Most of these girls are merry, natural young people. Over in the corner, however, there is a prim maiden who looks as if she has had a little too much of Higher Mathematics and Latin authors. Surreptitiously she is glancing at the book under the friendly cover of the table cloth. Presently her next-door neighbour notices what she is doing.

"You've got a 'swot' book," she says gravely. "I say, girls, we can't have 'swot' here, can we?" Then, without further warning, she snatches the offending book, and, placing it upon her chair, sits upon it. "There!" she exclaims triumphantly, "now have your dinner like a sane mortal."

The student who has been bereft of her book quietly draws forth another, and this time she is allowed to read undisturbed.

At last, when the meal is over and the things washed up, more talk is indulged in, and chestnuts left over from "interval" are partaken of.

No bell rings for afternoon classes, but at 2.30 the science students betake themselves to the laboratories, whilst the arts students attend more lectures.

Let us look in at one of the laboratories. It is the Biological Laboratory, and a Botany class is in full swing. Each student is poring over a microscope, surrounded by saucers containing specimens and bottles of re-agents, etc. Every one seems absorbed in his (or her) work, and so I think we will leave, for although a Botany class is very interesting to take part in, it ts rather dry if one can only figure as an onlooker. Workers in the laboratory spend the whole afternoon there from 2.30 until 5 o'clock.

At five o'clock all classes cease, and the college day is over. But do not think that the student's work is over, for several hours' reading must be done by any who hope to succeed.

At five o'clock, however, the college is deserted, and very soon silence reigns supreme. And now, having seen the last student pass down the steps from the college, we will go our ways, and here I must leave my readers, trusting that this glimpse of University life has proved interesting.

BEATRICE F. E. HOPCROFT.



That M. H - ll - - r was carried away by the exuberance of his own verbosity.

That next term he will pose as the Principal—perhaps.

That Students are requested to keep their ears open and not their mouths.

That "will you please criticise."

That "you are a funny class."

That Tip thinks "Bill is a clever fellow."

That we do also—in more ways than one.

That a *Kid will* not cash a cheque.

That the footballers were most cordially received at Reading.

That 'ot Oxo revived a despondent team.

That the Juniors show signs of vitality.

THAT the "tavern" joke is quite ancient.

THAT Togo—mum's the word.

THAT "History lecs. are the most popular—Students crowd to them."

THAT one Junior has a great admiration for the ladies.

THAT Students are strongly advised not to breathe after "death."

THAT Birdie's p.c. was from a girl.

THAT there is a new version to "Has anybody here seen Kelly?"

THAT the value of a "tanner" in Hamlet's time is only known in the Potteries.

THAT some Seniors are merely sprouting.

THAT a Choral *Society* will one day be established in Hartley.

THAT Hygiene is no longer *obvious*.

THAT a Pompeyite and a friend set no *foot* in the Common Room.

THAT *the* man was not to be found.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS—1.

From Percival to Cataline, his friend in the Country.

* * *

My Dear Cataline,

It was really a great joke. There is no other name for it. It happened in this wise. A lecturer was taken ill. A note was handed to a young gentleman—merely a Junior, you know—requesting him to take the class on the following day. Without further investigation, he appeared before *his* pupils, who by the way were eight lady students, and proceeded to give *his* lecture. It is said that he searched many authorities on Shakespeare that he might not wrongly interpret that great poet's opinions, for he was lecturing on a certain tragedy. I don't know that there was much tragedy about the lecture; it took rather the form of a comedy. Only it was so serious—on the youthful "lecturer's" part.

He requested *his* class to follow him carefully. They read the context when required, took most elaborate notes as he expressed not only his own opinions but the opinions of the leading critics upon the great poet. They marvelled at his knowledge—any class would have done that.

Yet in one respect he failed in his duty. Ten minutes before time he fell to the wishes of the young ladies. They suggested he should end his lecture, and he did. Believe me, I regard such a state of affairs with the greatest anxiety. That a young man should be led from his course of duty, that he should not have been permitted to finish his lecture, is a loss to literature. Think what it means, now that these valuable criticisms have been lost to us!

But really, my dear Cataline, it was a great joke!

I am, your affectionate friend,

Percival.

P.S.—I forgot to mention that the note came from the eight ladies whom he instructed.

TOPICAL CRITICISMS.

* * *

A paint box strayed from a locker in Room 24. The owner was "terribly concerned" because it walked off in this fashion She offered her "undying gratitude" to the lucky finder o

this poor, wandering box. One individual was heard to remark that it would never be returned, since the reward was of so little value.

Recently a letter arrived at the College addressed to the "Master of the Union." We cannot say who accepted the letter, nor what section of the students he controls. Maybe our 'umbleness has gone abroad.

Certain students were excused the drill examination. Rumour has it that they could not stand the strain of the afternoon's work.

A now historic procession of young ladies caused quite a sensation in Southampton. The populace thought it was the German Invasion.

Few advocates of Tariff Reform were found in Hartley. Students do not like the idea that Tariff Reform means work for all.

One morning a fair and welcome intruder interrupted a physiological psychology lecture by enquiring if it were the German class. We rather wished it had been!

A Senior was told that he required more *force* in his recitation. We can assure our readers that he is no relation to "Sunny Jim."

THE SOUTHERN INTERNATIONAL.

♠ ♠ ♠

When it became known that such a fine team had been chosen to represent the South against the North in the forthcoming International, everything augured well for a record attendance at the Dell.

February 29th, 1910, became a general public holiday in Southampton. The Gates were opened at 1.30 p.m. and within 15 minutes from this time, there were, roughly speaking, 20,000 people on the ground. Still they crowded in, at the estimated rate of 500 a minute, and when play started the

gates had to be closed. It was a stirring sight, 40,000 human beings come together to witness one of the greatest contests in the history of the game.

The afternoon was glorious and everyone was happy. The Hartley Students with their red caps were there in force, and with their usual spirit, delighted themselves, and the crowd around them, with fragments from classic music interspersed with light comedy.

Now, coming to the team, it must be admitted that the play of the North was disappointing. So miserable a game was set up by them that we can well afford to ignore them. But the Southern team was great; all the skill and dash of the South seemed to have been concentrated in these eleven players. It speaks well for the Selection Committee; and they are sincerely to be congratulated upon their choice, for it was a venture for them to drop the former players and choose men who had not played before in International Association Football.

The Southern team lined out as follows:—

Phoneticus.

Scottie. Parma Violets

1066. 'Ampshire Author. πr^2

Obvious. Suffragette. Basal Ganglia. CO_2 Artist.

Referee:—Sylene Whoa!
Linesman;—Johnnie.
Trainer:—Antonio Nicholi.

From the beginning, the game was fast. It was a perfect display of International football rather than brilliant and pretty toe work. Early in the game it became *obvious* that the outside right was in the best of form. This player centred nicely in the first minute of play, but Basal Ganglia failed to trap the ball. The North in their turn pressed. Parma Violets *scented* danger, and with great pluck rushed into the fray, whence he successfully emerged, and cleared splendidly.

CO_2 and Artist carried the ball down the field and the former passed to Suffragette, who instead of making use of such a splendid opportunity, charged heavily into the opposing back. A free kick was awarded and Suffragette was cautioned.

For the next few minutes play was midfield. The North at this stage seemed likely to become masters, but 1066, by his brilliant work, altered completely the *history* of the game. πr^2 must also be mentioned as being probably the second best

half-back on the field. The way he charged the opponents off the ball was striking, his superior weight telling in his favour. A little later, 'Ampshire Author, the local star, made an opening and Basal Ganglia who always correlated well, rushed through, and with a tremendous shot drove the ball in the "webbing," amidst the wildest enthusiasm.

From this point the North broke down, and except on one or two occasions shewed little football.

Obvious once more broke away and from a splendid centre, Basal Ganglia again scored.

But here the North pulled themselves together and the left wing made rings round Scottie, and the inside man sent in a terrific "pile driver" which brought that sturdy custodian Phoneticus to his knees. It was a brilliant save, and shewed him *to be* the best *English* goalkeeper of the day.

The shrill whistle of Sylene Whoa! sounded the half-time at this stage.

Score:—South 2: North 0.

The game was re-opened in robust style. The North pressed and the Southern backs were unable to hold them. A hard shot was sent in, the ball driving Phoneticus into the back of the net, badly hurt it is feared, for he groaned painfully. However Nicholi, with the aid of a little stimulant, soon revived the injured player.

The game now became fast, but it was, we are sorry to say, spoiled by the suspicious tactics of 'Ampshire Author and the rough play of Suffragette, the latter having been previously warned.

Only CO_2 was playing really delightful football. Then an unpleasant incident occurred. 1066 went into a scrummage with his feet up and caught the outside right in the back. The player was "obviously" too much hurt to continue playing.

The game became tame for a short time after this, until the forwards again showed their worth and in rapid succession scored 6 goals. Parma Violets was a tower of strength to his side, effectually *snuffing* the combined attacks of the opposing right wing. Wherever he was, there the overpowering influence of his presence was seen in the play.

The rest of the game was spent in a strong attack upon the Northern fortress, and a minute before time, Basal Ganglia, who seemed to play with mathematical precision of judgment, scored with a beautiful shot.

Full time:—South 9. North 1.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the following:—*The Gong* (Nottingham); *The Lodestone* (Berbeck); *The Northerner* (Newcastle); *Phœnix* (Royal College of Science); *Q.C.C.; The Dragon* (Aberystwyth); *The Student* (Exeter); *The Wintonian; St. Luke's* (Exeter).

The Student. At one place we learn that "Theer wuz twennty two zilly noodles out theer muckin' 'bout wi' a bawl, en th' joonyers was spuz'd tu be playin' th' Seinyers et Zoccer. Now, s'naw, I notis'd thaar cap'n—a vunny bloak, zure nuff zumbuddy sea'ees nam wuz Bloater. Wull eef 'ee wuz a bloater tuther zide must ev bin rood 'errins! Thay theer Rood 'Errins buzz's bak th' bawl en down they rishes lik zatan een a goal o' wind, en triys tu baang the bawl 'tween anuther zet o' cloas praps. En thaay maidn's enjide 'eet s' weell es th' vullers. Bless 'em!" Quite so, but we hope the game was a little better than the account. There is also a description of how "Hiawatha" played Rugby, only the account is too long to recite, yet he never played again "since his nose is not yet straightened." The same tale might be told of another famous match played in February.

But this much must be said of all magazines brought to our notice, the *Student* is the raciest and brightest. The "knocks" seem to be on all its pages and we congratulate Exeter on turning out such a "spicy" mag.

The Dragon. No donbt there are many jokes within its pages, only, well—they are Welsh! More than half the magazine is taken up with very readable society notes. Then a man relates his experiences as a Sub-Agent at the General Election. Of course his side won, only we like the way he concludes. "Homeward we flocked. We slept soundly to awake with the semi-conscious joy of a contented sleeper. Victory assured, we could draw our salary conscientiously." We like the last sentence. It reminds us of drawing the grant. From all accounts Aberystwyth intends to celebrate St. David's day in right royal style, though different from last year, for on that occasion "the conduct of a certain number of men students was decidely objectionable"—but then leeks should grow at another time of the year.

The following information may be valuable to some. "The only connection between German and Gym., as far as we can see, is that one turns the brain and the other twists the body." We hope our readers can see the connection.

Q.C.C:—The Editor enters into comparisons. Last year was, as regards sport, the finest in the annals of Queen's. Sporting spirit was evident in branch of College life. "There were giants in those days. This year it is obvious there is a change. The students don't seem to take the same interest in College as they did. The subject of the Decline and Fall of the College is one on which we could wax eloquent." But come, Queen's, you are not the only college in this state. We know of one where enthusiasm has never been raised above the ordinary standard as regards its sports and societies, let alone to "a blaze of glory." One writer administers a most severe lecture to the new students, but this is atoned for by a rather good article on "The Humour of Elections." Being an Irishman he sees humour in a great many things.

The Northerner.—We take the following interesting extract from our contemporary:—

"HOW TO LIVE ON 30/- A WEEK."

	s.	d.	
Beer	17	6	
Wife's Beer	1	6	
Harmsworth Encyclopædia ..	2	6	
Bread	0	6	
Tobacco	2	0	
Rent (next week)	0	0	
More Beer	2	6	
Missionary Box	1	0	
Three Stalls at Pictures.. ..	1	0	
Butcher (next week).. ..	0	0	
Three Home Teams	2	0	
Grocer (next week)	0	0	
			£1 10 6*

*6d to the bad this week. Put this right next week by deducting from Wife's beer allowance,

It seems a happy solution, so that's how they do it in the North.!

There is a very interesting account of the Dove Marine Laboratory of this northern University, an awful wail—it is called a song--on rits, and plenty of readable matter. From the Editorial we gather the following:—"The Common Room Committee is keeping up its reputation. Brillantly lighted and handsomely furnished with reading cases and tip-up chairs, the C. R. is now a dangerous rival to the White City." Newcastle may possess all this, but we wonder if it has a floor cloth like ours.

LINES TO A PIANO.

\+ + +

In those first days, when you were newly bought
Or hired, and slid sedately from your trolley,
Into the hireling's loving care, I thought
You would be jolly.

You were my neighbour's, and I saw you squeezed
Within his rooms, 'mid sundry exclamations
From porters and the like, with really pleased
Anticipations.

For though within my recreant fingers' ken
Nor oaten stop nor keyboard comes precisely,
People will often play to please me when
I ask them nicely.

And so I dreamed of hours, when, labour banned
And largest pipes alight, there might come stealing
Melodious murmurs through the twilight and
The sundering ceiling.

Chopin, I hoped, and Grieg, on whom I'm keen,
Wagner (in spite of Nordau and Lombroso),
Then Mendelssohn, though current taste, I ween,
Esteems him so-so.

And others, well beknown to high and low
I dreamed would ripple forth in rich profusion
Beneath my neighbour's magic touch, but oh,
'Twas a delusion!

No nocturnes bland or fugues antiphonal
Enchant my listening ears, not even Spring-songs,
Or Sullivan, but, howled in chorus, all
The latest sing-songs.

People with "mottoes" make them known in shouts,
And jolt my tympanum like any jelly,
Proceeding next to ask the whereabouts
Of one called Kelly.

Cakewalks, and dreary horrors of that ilk,
Delight your lord and swell my load of sorrows,
Making me long to medicate the milk
He sometimes borrows.

Out on you, jingle-box, who daily drain
My patience, and provoke me to this paddy,
Who, as I curse you, lift the haunting strain
Of "Yip-i-addy"!

Annoy me while you may, for as I live,
Though now with mere approbrium I splash you,
Let but a "rag" one shread of pretext give,
And I will smash you!

E.H.W.

EDUCATION IN BELGIUM.

♦ ♦ ♦

By D. T. Cowan, M.A., Director of Education,
Hampshire County Council.

II. Secondary Education.

In the matter of the organization of Secondary Education, Belgium has had the start of England (I am not here using that term to include Scotland and Wales).

The work in the Secondary Schools in general range of subjects and standard of attainment, does not differ greatly (except in the time devoted to languages) from that now found in the Grammar and other Secondary Schools of this country. This could not be said a few years ago of the English system, for it is only since the powers conferred under the Education Act of 1907 have had time to excel their force that Secondary Education has become properly organised, its proper functions defined, and its standard of attainment clearly marked. We can no longer (I speak of course of public education) raise the banner of Higher Education while leading the children along paths of second rate Elementary Education. And in future I believe it will be increasing difficult for the "private adventure" school to maintain its position, unless there is some thing more substantial offered than the mystic refinement connected with the legend that school is "for the sons or daughters of gentlemen."

One thing particularly noticeable in Belgium is the entire absence of any form of institution at all comparable to our great Public Schools. I have already quoted Mr. Balfour on

the subject of what a great Public School is and does, but there are a few great Day Schools, such for example as the "Athene Royal de Brussels," where the leaving age of the pupil, and the standard of work, are well up to anything found in our great Public Schools, or the best of our Grammar Schools. These schools are largely taken advantage of by the well-to-do professional and commercial classes. In one respect they surpass anything I have seen during my inspections of schools abroad, namely, in their attention to and grasp of foreign languages. In a school like that named, the top form is capable of taking instruction in three or four languages. And on the occasion of one of my visits I found the young men—lads of 17 to 19—in fits of laughter over Sheridan's "Rivals." There must have been forty or fifty in the room, and all spoke English. Moreover, they were ready at once to accept a lesson in commercial arithmetic from me, through the medium of the English language.

I specially mentioned that the advantages offered by these great Day Schools are highly appreciated by the commercial and professional classes. I could not find that the upper classes sent their sons to them in any great number, and on enquiry found that it is considered the proper thing for the sons of the upper classes to be educated in the private seminaries of the Jesuits. I had not the opportunity of inspecting any of these, as time did not permit, and they were outside the scope of my enquiry, but my friend M. Overleux Lagasse informs me they are first class.

Of these higher types of Secondary Schools, of which the "Athene Royal de Brussels" is an example, there are twenty established in the various important urban centres throughout the country. The arrangements and cirriculum of one might be taken as a pattern for all. Each is divided into three sections which they describe as (*a*) The Humanities (Greek and Latin); (*b*) Latin; (*c*) Modern.

Perhaps it would be well to give here the range of subjects. Taking the first (*a*), the programme for the "Humanities Latin and Greek" includes Religion, Latin, Greek, French, Flemish, German, English, History, Geography, what we call "Citizenship," or what they call "ideas on the institutions, laws, and administration of the country," Mathematics, Science, Writing, Music and Gymnastics. The second course (*b*) is identical with (*a*), except that Greek is left out, and the third course (*c*) leaves out Latin and Greek and substitutes for them Commercial Science and Drawing. It will be seen from this how thorough and comprehensive is any one of the courses. And then a word about the staff. The men engaged on the staff of these schools have to be under

the new law that was brought into force in 1891, no graduate of a University, even a doctor of philosophy or doctor of letters—the two degrees commonly held by these men—can be nominated for a professorship in History, Geography, or Germanic Languages until he has undergone a special written and oral examination on two or more subjects in the Flemish language, and has also given public proof of his skill in teaching in that tongue. This may be looked upon in the light of a diploma in teaching, such as is seldom presented by graduates in this country who aspire to instruct the youth in our great public schools, though there is a growing tendency to improve in this direction, and with women teachers especially in this country it is common enough combination to find high academic qualification hand in hand with sound professional training.

One knows how the teaching profession is viewed by the "man in the street" in this country, and how it is treated in the way of reward for devotion to the public service by the Goverment of the day. One need not enlarge on it! In Belgium, on the other hand, the teaching profession is no bar to the award of honours, and the decoration of the red ribbon, which marks the wearer as the recipient of the "Cross of the First Class," is a common enough sight. There is not much in this, but it may be taken as an indication that the teaching profession is allowed its proper professional status among others of a more lucrative though often less honourable kind. I have looked in vain throughout the list of teachers in this country to find them honoured in any similar way.

III: Technical and Special Education.

The work I was specially interested in during my tour of inspection was Technical Education, and I lost no opportunity of seeing the classes at work—even if some of them met, as they did, in the Technical Schools in the Horse Market of Antwerp at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. For practical directness of aim I know nothing better than this department of work. There appears to be a combination of scientific instruction with some of the best elements of the old apprenticeship system, together with the focussing on a common object of the interests of all those concerned with the trade and commercial prosperity of the country. I cannot do better than describe to you some of the technical work.

As in the case of so much of the educational work of Belgium, private enterprise was responsible for the inception of the movement. As early as 1876 the city of Antwerp recognised the importance of proper training work, trades and commerce, and in 1879 the Council gave a grant to a School

that had been started by private enterprise. The following year the State also made grants, and this brought the Belgian Technical School as early as 1810 into the position that was secured to our own Technical Schools in 1891.

The Technical course extends over five years; in the first two years the subjects are general, and all pupils must take them.

But here let me say no technical work is entered upon without a proper basis of general education and that even when the technical side is entered upon the general education is still attended to, as will be seen from what follows.

The subjects are French, Flemish, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Nature Study, Elementary Physics and Chemistry, Ideas of Education, Drawing, Singing, Gymnastics, Domestic Economy, Manual Work, and Needlework. A somewhat comprehensive course.

The pupils are divided into two groups—those following Trades and those destined for Commerce.

I propose here to touch only on the trade subjects, which include a course of instruction that, as already said, can only be described as combining the best features of the old apprenticeship system with thorough and yet simple instruction in the Sciences and Arts necessary to an intelligent view of the work in hand.

If one might condense the essence of the system into a few words it would be that—(*a*) there must be first a sound and sufficient and general education; (*b*) all practical instruction must conform to the best found in the old apprenticeship system; (*c*) the Science and Art of technical instruction must go hand in hand with the practical; (*d*) some general education has to be continued.

It is no mere attempt to provide the amateur or dilettante person with a certain superficial knowledge of or facility in a subject, but a serious and successful attempt to turn out capable thinking men and women workers. When the period of apprenticeship arrives, great care is exercised in the further education of the apprentice. The object aimed at is that of bringing the State, the Commune, the Employers of Labour, and the Employées into line.

In the School at Tournai, for example, one finds departments for carpentry, turnery, modelling, iron-work and milling.

The relationship between the Master, the apprentice, and the Technical School is so interesting that one may be pardoned for touching upon it here, not that it is unknown in

England (particularly in the North) but by reason of the fact that we have not anything like the completeness of the Belgian system. Still, we are moving in that direction, by getting employers to allow their apprentices off part of their working day to attend technical classes, but with one or two notable exceptions we stop short at this.

In Belgium the arrangement is in its essence a legal one, and has been arrived at by the employers of labour recognising that the technical school has something to impart of value to the worker which the workshop cannot give, and by the Technical School authorites frankly recognising that for manipulative skill nothing that the technical school can provide is comparable to that acquired in the workshop.

To illustrate the legal character of the arrangement, one might take as an example the Deed of Agreement relative to the apprenticeship of a boy who is going to take up the trade of a blacksmith or iron founder; this is typical of its kind and might apply to many other trades without seriously altering its essential points. "Agreement between the President and Members of the Committee of Administration of the Technical School, Tournai, of the one part, and Mr. A., Ironworker, of Tournai, of the other part.

Mr. A. engages to take into his workshop the apprentices which the Committee of the said School send to him, and to make of them good workmen as iron and plate workers as the case may be. The number of pupils to be taught shall not be more than fifteen."

Each pupil is placed in the workshop for a period of six months on trial, and at the expiration of this term is admitted or refused according as he shows aptitude for the work. Upon the report made on the pupil at this stage he is admitted for apprenticeship, but still with a probationary period. The Director and Instructors of the Technical School have the right to supervise the pupils in the workshop and to present reports on their progress. The pupils have right to some salary and afterwards it is a fixed amount per day as follows: 1st or trial year, from 1d. to 4d.; 2nd year, from 5d. to 7d.; 4th year, from 8d to 1/1½d.; 5th year, from 1/2d. to 1/6d. The first year is therefore taken as a trial year and may be brought to an end by three months notice on either side. If there is any departure from the conditions of the agreement either party may have the case taken to arbitration.

There is a special set of Schools for instruction of sailors and fishermen; they are at Ostende, Blankenberghe, and Nieuport. These schools are subsidised by the State and by the Province. Each school presents a combination of

theoretical and practical instruction, and the aim is to make the fishermen and sailors follow their calling with greater intelligence. The time of instruction is made to suit the convenience of the fishermen, so that they may have classes open to them as soon as they have finished their fishing voyages. The course of study covers three years. The instruction is gratuitous, is given every day from 8.30 in the morning until 11.30, and from 1 to 4.30 in the afternoon. The programme of classes is pretty comprehensive, including languages and literature, arithmetic applicable to their calling, writing, geography (particularly that of Belgium and of the neighbouring coasts), the principal facts of Belgian history, gymnastics, swimming, singing; the North Sea and coastal lights. rivers, and all matters likely to be of importance to fishermen; laws affecting their calling; cookery; ambulance; reading of charts; use of the compass; breeding of fish; some knowledge of machinery; rope mending and splicing. It will be seen from this that a very thorough course of instruction is laid down for these men; at the present time there is nothing in England comparable to it. For the practical work, many of the teachers are old seamen. You will notice how, even in a practical school of this kind, general education is never neglected.

For the education of girls, there are schools at Brussels, Antwerp, Liege, Louvain, and many other towns. The pupils are admitted at the age of thirteen, on condition that they have finished their instruction at the primary school. The course covers a period of three years. Each school receives grants from the State and is also supported locally, but a portion of the expenses is met by the sale of the work of the pupils. At the end of the course each girl thoroughly knows how to cook, wash, make her own clothes, and keep accounts. She is taken weekly into the markets by an expert and shown what to buy, how to buy, and how to judge fish, meat and so-forth. At the end of her training she is capable of taking charge of, and running successfully a household. Apart from the practical instruction, the curriculum includes languages, arithmetic, drawing as applied to dresscutting and designing, geography and history. The aim of the school is to turn out thoroughly competent and reliable workers capable of earning their own living. It is not until they are sixteen years old that these girls begin their definite professional work, entering shops, becoming dressmakers or milliners, or taking up home duties.

I have intentionally left Infant Instruction to the end. The time at my disposal precluded the possibility of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the system at work in Belguim

for free use of the education of children under the age of compulsory attendance at school, but for the sake of completeness I give here a summary of this aspect Belgium Education. The subject as you know is with us receiving much attention at the present moment, for it happens that a departmental committee has recently pronounced in favour of children under five years of age being provided for in some way, but it is left to each Local Education Authority to determine what is best. In the County of Hants, the question mainly resolved itself into a financial one, with the result that a large number of schools are closed to children of this class. Personally, for entirely different reasons, I should like to see all schools closed to infants, for I think mothers should not be relieved of the important task of caring for the first tender years of childhood. And when during my inspection I come across these tiny mites asleep on the school benches, I think of the cottage home and the tiny cot where baby should be asleep under other and more suitable surroundings. Of course, all mothers are not capable of looking after their offspring—that much may be put forward in defence of the system. At the same time I regard with apprehension the movement in favour of State interference with what should be our most sacred posession, the home and home life. One must not, however, allow this great question to lead one too far from the real purpose of this paper. Still, it is part of the subject, and I would only add that if the State feels it necessary to make special provision for babies, it should not be as part of the ordinary Elementary School System, but should be treated as a social question in the form of nurseries, crêches, or playrooms.

In Belgium there are no State Crêches, such as one finds in France. The system is like our own, mostly carried on in private houses adapted for the purpose. The chief characteristic of the Belgian crêche is the addition of the "école gardienne," which admits children up to the age of six. There are few crêches now without this addition; it may be described as a "play school."

At the present moment there are some fifty crêches in Belgium. Most of them are in industrial centres, where women are obliged to go out and work. Many of them are founded by religious communities in order to bring up children in the catholic faith, though the remark would apply more forcibly to the private "écoles gardiennees."

Belgium, in fact, has not yet felt it necessary—notwithstanding the care exercised in the best Elementary Schools as above described—to wash and feed the children of school age, nor is it considered desirable to take over the duties re-

lating to the care of children under school age; that is left altogether to the many charitable organisations and institutions, so far as one can judge, the need even for the latter rests largely in the fact that so many of the mothers have the serious and double burden upon them of rearing childen and working for their living. It is not an educational but a social problem.

I fear my survey has been a very sketchy one, only touching here and there on salient features, without attempting a deep or comprehensive review of any particular part, but it seemed to me that in dealing with the education of the country it was essential to represent the whole, even if that representation is in the nature of things an outline and not a finished picture.

A MARS MEDLEY.

Written on the Balcony at B. M. H.

* * *

This silent night I watch the stars,
And sitting here alone, I ponder,
Are there canals—and men— on Mars,
And what is going on up yonder?

I wonder if you've motor busses
And telephones and German scares,
And if you get election fusses,
And dividends, and falls in shares?

Do you go in for wigs and paints,
And spectacles when weak your sight is?
And do you get those queer complaints
We get, which always end in "itis?"

Do you have Parish Councils there?
And district visitors and poor rates,
And new "restorers" for your hair,
And funds to aid "Perpetual Curates?"

Then tell me, do! (I'm in no hurry)
Whether you go to Church or Chapel,
And if you heard about the worry
Caused in *this* Planet by an Apple?

I wonder what you think of us ?
(If through your telescopes you've seen us)
And if you use balloon or bus
When you go taking trips to Venus?

I wonder—but am I awake
Or, truth to tell, have I been dozing ?
If so, dear people, for my sake
Forgive me this nocturnal prosing.

And though the moonlight's very sweet,
And fit for lovers' woes and sighing,
The dew is damping for one's feet,
And rheumatism's very trying.

H.S.N.

A SOUTH AFRICAN CAMP OUT.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE workers of the party were: the Major, artist chief; "Auntie" Penny, the impressionist; and two Art students. The balance consisted of the head master of a public school (popularly known as The Kid), "Peggy" (a newspaper correspondent), Sister B. (who has established field hospitals as far up as Lake Tanganyika), and the writer. Buffels Bay, 30 miles from Cape Town, was our objective. We set out by train from Cape Town on December 27th—a blazing day—for Simon's Town, where we were to meet the ox-waggon and take the land route over the mountain, It is an hour's run to Simon's Town, and the track runs over the beach for several miles, sweeping round the base of Muizenberg Mountain, glorious with ferns and flowers. We arrived at Simon's Town, and the ox-waggon, with its team of sixteen oxen, awaited us. When tents, baggage, provisions, etc., had been packed we set out to walk up Red Hill, the first steep ascent, from which a fine view is afforded of the new docks in course of construction in Simon's Bay. The oxen strain up the hill and we tramp behind slowly, for it is very warm—being nearly eleven o'clock. The sea is now a blue haze in the distance.

We out-span at about three o'clock at the first spring, on a broad level plain. When the oxen had been watered the trek was resumed.

Auntie Penny and some of the others sketched in subjects as they tramped, and so we jogged along for several hours. The road was now very bad in parts, and only the most daring ventured on a lift in the waggon. Just before sunset we reached the mountains, and, coming through the gap, saw the sea again far below. There is one solitary farmhouse here, many miles from civilization. We took the place by storm, and then trekked to save the short twilight, as a site for our camp had to be chosen before dark. We wound down to the beach and pitched the tents near a hut of loosely piled stones, built for the fishermen who sometimes turn into Buffels Bay for a refuge from the storm. A sort of wooden shelf built out from the wall formed the sleeping accommodation. Sister B.'s tent was what would be described in this part of the world as "swank"—latest Army pattern of art green canvas and extra tropical flaps and fittings. The tent of the Major and The Kid had a fancy woollen lining warranted to keep out heat and rain. Then followed an impromptu supper by moonlight, then a fine night's rest, unbroken save by the occasional "whar-hoo" of the baboons on the mountain behind us, or the booming of the surf. The artists were up before sunrise to catch colour effects, to which, however, no brush or pen could do anything like justice. Down through the bushes, reeds, and grasses, keeping a sharp look out for snakes, to the water for a glorious dip. The best view of the land is from the beach and when facing the plateau behind the tents, Paulsberg and two other peaks, almost exactly similar and known as "Ein, Twee, Drei," stand out boldly on the right—on the left a range of mountain ridges ending in Cape Point with its lighthouse. After breakfast, prepared by our Hottentot camp-follower Klass in the long dining tent, the Major and Aunt P. went sketching, while some of us rambled to some Bushman caves. In addition to bones of men and game as yet unprofaned by the collector, these caves had on the walls some very interesting native drawings. The Major poses as a geologist, and he brought home a hatful of fossils from the limestone near the caves. On returning to camp we noticed a large troop of baboons coming down the slope towards the camp in single file leaping from rock to rock, "waughing" (a sharp barking noise). The Mayor let off a huge revolver—he called it a "man-stopper"—and they scampered off up the mountain, the mothers grabbing the little ones. Many of these baboons were huge tawny brutes, and a man single-handed would stand a poor chance against their attack. Just before our arrival a man from the farm was chased by a troop; in running he dropped his rifle and a baboon picked it up and snapped the barrel at the first attempt.

On some mornings we went fishing off the rocks several miles from camp. Many of the pools were made for mermaids, Aunt Penny said. They were amber brown, fringed with brilliant green weeds with long translucent strands floating on the surface. On rocks further out, clouds of spray were changed into rainbows by the sun. On other mornings we would climb the mountain on to the plateau. Very many rassies or rock-rabbits live in among the rocks. We found one cave with hundreds. On the plateau were beautiful ericas—scarlet splashes amongst the grey rocks, fire-red crassulas with fleshy grey-green leaves, pink and white belladonna lilies, and many others. Looking down we could see the rolling Atlantic; far below on the rocks are two tiny human specks—the Kid and the Major fishing.

It would fill pages to relate all the incidents of a fortnight's camp. It will suffice to tell of the day's expedition to Cape Point light-house. We started before sunrise and threaded round the base of the mountain by a steep and narrow way, called by courtesy a path, though we had to clamber over huge rocks now and again. Then we struck upwards over Da Gama's peak. Far below lay a tiny strip of beach where Vasco da Gama first tried to effect a landing. We saw several snakes; one turned on us, but Sister B. cut him down with her stick. During the journey we saw hundreds of baboons, and their tracks were all over the path we were following. The spoor is just like a baby's foot-print with the heel cut short. The Kid was highly delighted with a variety of indigenous carnation that grew plentifully in the shady nooks. The path was very steep near the light-house. We kept in the shade of the large rocks as much as possible and had frequent recourse to our water-bottles. The light-house is built on the highest cliff with a sheer drop of 800 feet to sea level. The Cape of Good Hope lies a little to the right of Cape Point. There are thousands of gulls' nests in the cliffs, quite inaccessible. We mounted the zig-zag steps of the light-house, right up to the tower, from whence we could make out Table Bay and Cape Town, forty-five miles away.

After rest and refreshments and when it was cooler we set off towards camp again, back over the pass, then supper, and a glorious sunset which was sketched by all our artists. The mountains on the opposite side of the bay change from blue to liquid mauve; the peaks near the plateau are rose pink with soft grey shadows in the valleys; the sea has the faintest blush of rose and seems to melt into the pearly haze that takes the place of twilight. It grows dark almost immediately, the scents of the summer evening, the softest sigh of a breeze from the sea, and it is night.

N. McM.

DINNER IN DIGGINGS.

* * *

Whom to invoke ? There is no lack
Of gods Olympian—let the feast
Be then invoked of all, the least
And greatest, too, of all the pack—
In one job lot.

But there's no wine in golden bowl,
The food is of the simplest kind,
Sad spuds, a chop—well, never mind!
Short invocation's all the toll
They ever get.

There are no flowers ; no twisted wreath
Bedecks my head, but there's a smell
Of vegetables I know well,
Each side the cruet, from beneath
Dish-covers twain.

A last week's serviette I prise
Into my gaily coloured vest,
Then set to work with vim and zest,
Because my hollow Hunger cries
Out loud, "Begin!"

It's steaming hot ; with ding-dong speed,
Yet not too fast, lest I should choke,
I swallow it, and as no talk
Fills up the time I idly read
The "Mail" or "News."

A *not* neat-handed Phyllis brings
(Her name, I think, is really Flo)
Two chunks of apple pie or so,
Then clears away the dinner things
And sets the cheese ;

And later on comes in again,
When the crowd's gone, to bring a cup
Of bad stewed tea to buck me up,
And while I sip with might and main
She stirs the fire.

But long before it's blazing hot
And ere I've half read Asquith's speech
Since Colls. have rules and teachers teach,
I've got to (willingly or not)
Get there by three.

The leisured middle of the day,
In which I let myself unbend,
Is quickly coming to an end;
I reach my hat and throw away
My cigarette.

A. E.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

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That this Society is fulfilling its aims is quite evident, and it is with infinite pleasure that we have to report upon what has been, we believe, one of the most successful periods this Society has ever seen. The attendance at debates—an average of eighty—has been all that can he desired, and the number of fresh "orators" larger than was ever anticipated.

The first meeting upon which it is our duty to report was addressed hy Dr. Hearnshaw on Dec. 10th, 1909. His subject was, "That a knowledge of History is essential to a politician," In a most interesting manner he first of all showed that "Knowledge" is essential. A member of the audience thought this was not so and was politely informed that he must already be qualified to stand as a politican, A knowledge of Sciences such as Botany, Astronomy, and Geology are not of prime importance." We feel anxious to know what M.P.'s would say if they heard what the speaker said ahout "Fossils" in the House of Commons. What is necessary, we were told, is a knowledge of English Law, Political Economy and History. "History is to the State what memory is to the individual." After a most enjoyahle address had been listened to, a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Hearnshaw was given with acclamation.

This was the last meeting of the term and the House adjourned for the Christmas vacation. Members reassembled in the Central Hall on January 21st, 1910, to listen to a debate on "Women's Suffrage." All seemed to have benefited by their holiday, and even those who had school practice to attend to had still enough "energy" to make this debate the most enthusiastic of all. Colours were strongly in evidence, and if the "Anti" colours were nothing else they were certainly attractive. With what pleasure we noticed the smiling faces at the door of a shop rented for the time heing hy the Women's National Freedom League, as the supporters of the motion displayed those huge banners, "VOTES FOR WOMEN." The attendance was a record one and the leaders on each side received most enthusiastic receptions.

Miss E. J. Fraser, who proposed the motion, "That the Franchise should be granted to women" gave many reasons for supporting that side. "Taxation without Representation" is unjust and tyrannical; women are obliged to ohey laws they do not make and the only way to lessen the grievances aud better the conditions of women is to grant them the vote.

Mr. F. J. May opposed tbe motion, and yet the ladies need not fear—for did he not himself say that he was an admirer of the ladies? Judging from his remarks regarding the invitation to an "At Home" which he received, we are inclined to think the ladies reciprocate his kindly feelings. However, Mr. May gave several arguments against the motion. Women have never studied the principles of Government. The keeping of laws rests upon force, and this women are incapable ot exercising. In conclusion he said that instead of promoting class issues eich man and woman should try to further the work of the other in the world.

Mr. Calder, in seconding tbe proposition, was "serious" for once and evidently felt sad because he had only one complete wing. We sincerely bope the clipped one will soon heal or grow again.

Mr. Cleall seconded the opposition and dealt very comprehensively witb tbe social conditions of women, showing how they were bettered by "man-made Laws."

This debate was remarkable for the number of students who wished to speak. The ladies, for once, were not shy, and we wonder whether our appeal made in the last report has succeeded or whether the significance of the subject appealed to them.—Be that as it may, we are pleased to say that since this debate, the ladies have takeu the active part which we should like every student to take.

Needless to say, humour was not lacking Our old friend of music-hall fame, for instance, informed us that "the Englishman treats bis wife better than any other"—so we should hope. Then again Pompey gentlemen seem to pay a great deal of attention to the argument "Garn home and wash the baby!" The gentleman who pointed this out certainly assumed an attitude which led us to believe he was well practised iu tbe art, not of "washing" baby but of rocking it to sleep.

So eager were members to take part that the cbairman was obliged to apply tbe closure and the voting showed that the motion was lost by a majority of six. Ladies, be not disbeartened!!

Tbe next debate took place on February 4th, the motion being "That Science is the destroyer of Poetry." Professor Eustice and Professor Boyd were the leaders and as another member of the staff so ably put it, the debate was indeed "A Battle of Giants."

Professor Eustice, in proposing the motion, laid stress on the value of a debating Society, and then proceeded at once to prove that Science does destroy poetry. "The study of science," we were told, "destroys the poetical faculties; and wbile poetry is tbe art of expressing the feelings in melodious words, science is the expression of hard facts." We know that all Hartley scientists, unlike the scientists pictured by the proposer, allow their brain ample scope for imagination, for have we not in our Magazine some admirable renderings from eminently imaginative scientific brains!

Dr. Boyd opposed tbe motion, and by his splendid recitations certainly sbowed that science had not destroyed *his* love of poetry. It would be quite correct, we were informed, to regard money-making as antagonistic to poetry, but "science and engineering have assisted the poet." Poetry deals with things as they appeal to our nature, and if science is the study of Nature then it is not the destroyer of poetry."

Mr. Coope and Mr. Noble respectively seconded each side, and each dealt very ably with tbe arguments in favour of the side be supported.

Several speakers took part in tbe discussion whicb followed and perhaps special mention should be made of the piece of pure scientific poetry whicb was quoted. It ran,

Tommy was a chemist boy,
Tommy is no more;
For what he thought was H_2O
Was H_2SO_4

The motion was declared lost by a majority of 43, only 10 voting for it.

On the following Friday the House again met. This time the motion was, "That the age of chivalry is not dead." On this occasion, owing to the unavoidable absence of Prof. Studer, Mr. Tomlinson kindly consented to occupy the chair, and we wish to take this opportunity of again thanking him for so ably taking the place of our worthy President.

A large number of students attended, and all appeared to be most enthusiastic over the subject, which had evidently been well discussed in divers places long before the debate took place.

Miss K. C. Boswell, seconded by Miss MacMillan, proposed the motion and commenced her remarks by stating what "Chivalry" used to mean and what she thought it still meant. The chief virtues of chivalry in the Age of Chivalry were that a Knight should be courageous and loyal, and that he should be courteous and respectful to women. The proposer emphasied the fact that Knights of old were only courteous to women of their own standard, and informed all present that people can still find as many opportunities of being chivalrous as they could previously. "Women, being the weaker, still need compassion." Students, arise! and remember that "More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us."

Miss F. V. Kent, seconded by Mr. Landon, opposed the motion and said that her definition of chivalry was "Man's courteous action towards women and weaker persons." She pointed out that the fact that women who enter public life lay themselves open to mean actions from men seemed to prove that chivalry does not exist. The present social condition of working women was brought forward, and the opposer stated that if this was an age of chivalry the conditions of women would be better than they are at present.

As in the Suffrage debate, time would not permit all students desirous of speaking to give their opinions. One student, at any rate, is chivalrous for he seemed to feel keenly sorry that the girls must go home by themselves. Perhaps he wished to see all home. He indeed *is* "chivalrous."

We are not desirous of re-opening the discussion, but should just like to inform the lady who thinks "forcible feeding" not chivalrous, that the poor ladies might starve were they not compelled to eat. Surely, then, men are considerate in this case and, being considerate and gentle, are necessarily all that chivalry demands. Then again we wish to state that we have looked up the reference, 3rd chapter, Book 4, and find the information quite correct. What a painstaking reader to remember the exact chapter! ! !

As was expected, this debate was most interesting, and the voting showed that "The Age of Chivalry is *not* dead," the majority being 67 and six voting against it. One gentleman did not vote (oh!).

The last debate which we can include in this report took place on Friday, February 25th, the subject being "That Southampton is more suitable than Liverpool as an Atlantic Port," and the leaders being Mr. A. W. Stainer and Mr. H. G. Bell.

We were extremely suprised to see the small number of lady students who attended this debate. The importance of the subject to those who will one day be compelled to teach Geography in schools cannot, of course,

be too greatly emphasised; and we are therefore sorry that a greater number did not avail themselves of the opportunity to gain some extremely useful and interesting information.

Mr. Stainer, seconded by Mr. G. T. Clarke, in proposing the motion dealt most efficiently with the Natural Resources and the Dock Accommodation of Southampton and gave an exhaustive account of the advantages which this port offers to all classes of liners.

Mr. Bell, seconded by Mr. Smith (of Manchester), opposed the motion and in doing so stated that Liverpool possessed the six requisites of a good port, viz., a good harbour, good docks, good railways, near manufacturing centres, near coalfields, and good harbour management. He dealt with each of these and showed that Liverpool excelled especially in the first five. The discussion which followed was very interesting and the voting showed, by a majority of one, that Southampton is the more suitable port.

One more debate has yet to take place ere this session closes, and we have no hesitation in saying that this debate on Conscription will prove no less interesting than the others. Throughout the session a keen interest has been taken in each meeting of the Society and, judging from the number of speakers at each debate, we are exceedingly pleased to see that the subjects chosen have met with the approval of the majority.

There are still some students of both sexes who have never spoken at any meeting and to these we should again like to state that the aim of this Society is not so much the "passing away" of an evening, but to enable all to become accustomed to giving their views in public and so make themselves ready for the public work in which most of them will some day be engaged.

Of one thing, however, we are satisified, and that is that the Juniors have shown us that there are sufficient among them who take an interest in public speaking, and we therefore feel certain that this good work will be quite satisfactorily continued by them when they became Seniors.

M.G.

THE GYMNASIUM CLUB.

♠ ♠ ♠

One of the most important changes in the history of this Club has been its sudden conversion into the H.U.C. Pugilistic Society. Under this attractive title it has made marked progress, the attendance at our last meetings being far beyond expectation. The fact that "Refreshments" appeared upon the programme no doubt largely accounted for this.

Unfortunately the money granted for the use of the Club has been expended, but notwithstanding this apparent drawback we hope to hold many more meetings. That interest in the Club is not lacking is strikingly shown by the fact that over 10/- was subscribed in less than ten minutes to defray the expenses of our next meeting. The appearance of two members of the staff at our last meeting greatly enhanced the reputation of the Club, and we hope to persuade others to attend, especially as our funds has reached such a low ebb. We were fortunate in securing the services of "Dr. Nickola" as timekeeper, his nationality fortunately preventing any favouritism in the many bouts which came under his supervision.

A keen spectator has kindly given the following account of one of our matches, which is preceded by a copy of the programme.

HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE PUGILISTIC SOCIETY.

GRAND EXHIBITION OF TALENT,

THURSDAY, FEB. 24TH, 1910,
AT 8 P.M.

Referees:—MR. PHILLIPS and PAC AVIL.
Timekeeper:—The renowned ANTONIO NICKOLI.

REFRESHMENTS.

PROGRAMME.

I. HEAVY WEIGHTS.
Jerry Meyer (Borstal) will box Mons. Parry (Texas).

II. LIGHT WEIGHTS.
Burglar Seabrooke will wrestle Johnny Calder (London).

III. MIDDLE WEIGHTS.
Jake Hillier (Shirley Holmes) will box the Frightened Lark (Limehouse).

IV. HEAVY WEIGHTS.
Cocker Turner (Millbrook) will wrestle Jimmy Green (Pompey)

V. LONG WEIGHTS.
Wallo Chaffo (Shangai) will box Lofty Parker.

VI. HEAVY WEIGHTS.
Young Frisby (Portland) will wrestle the Netley Lion.

VII. MIDDLE WEIGHTS.
Young Ruddle (Pimlico) will box Tom Crawshaw (Burnley).

VIII. MIDDLE WEIGHTS.
Tom Turner (Shirley) will wrestle Private Cutler (Shoreditch).

IX. HEAVY WEIGHTS.
Mons. Parry (Texas) will box Cocker Turner (Millbrook).

X. MIDDLE WEIGHTS.
Ito Bernato (Hong-Kong) will wrestle Jim Brierly (Newport).

XI. HEAVY WEIGHTS.
Ikie Freeman (Soho) will box Dodger Smith (Whitechapel).

XII. WELTER WEIGHTS.
Dan Cooper (Billingsgate) will box the plucky Chicken (Graham).

EXTRA TURN—Cocker Turner v. Jerry Meyer.

Being informed by the agency of a startling poster that the College Knock-out Society had arranged a "Pugilistic Evening," I resolved to brave my tutor's wrath, leave my books, and "assist" at the fray." My first thoughts were that the boxing would be of the type described by Demosthenes in his First Phillipic, where he says that when a barharian is struck he puts his hand to the place and forgets to hit back; I was soon to be undeceived. Arriving at the place of combat I was struck hy the fact (not the boxing glove) that every one was "serious," from the instructor down to the lightest of light-weights, hut when I heard that in one instance the honour of the Isle of Wight was at stake, the reason at once became "obvious" With great pleasure I noticed that the gloves were not made from ox-hides, nor studded with iron, as was the custom in Virgil's time; evidently more humane feelings prevail in this enlightened society.

The proceedings commenced with the Light-Weight contests, and terminated with the Heavy-Weights, and I noted the grim determination and, withal, the good humour of the competitors. They had come together from all parts; from such well-known places as Borstal and Billingsgate and such remote *villages* as Burnley and Newport. The most attractive item on the programme was the match between the two Long-Weights, and I am told that never has such a brilliant exposition been seen within the walls of Hartley. The judicious side-stepping, the dexterous "stops," the clever "hooks" and "straights," all shewed an early apprenticeship to the noble art. The end of this match was somewhat sanguinary, and the spectators all lamented the ahrupt conclusion, but, had not the winner administered the knock-out when he did, most probahly he himself would soon have been rendered *hors-de-combat.*

When all the events were concluded, I went home feeling quite a capable exponent of the art of self-defence, and on the way practised "uppercuts" on unoffending "Echo" boys, in order to apply my newly gained knowledge. In conclusion, the best thanks of the spectators must be tendered to those who arranged the display and took so much trouble to ensure them a pleasant eveuing.

PAC.

HOSTEL NOTES.

WINDSOR HOUSE.

THE most important thing connected with our humble cot this term is the pitiful cry of the juniors, "We don't want to go." And why this cry?—O woeful fact! Windsor House is on its last legs. Whatever the poor seniors will do when, after leaving this heavenly ahode for the lonely world, they are dying to spend an hour or two within its walls, cannot pleasantly be contemplated.

This term has been rather a quiet one in one sense, although if we consider the lung power which has been exhibited (chiefly by the daughters) it has by no means been so.

The seniors spent a most enjoyable evening at Bevois Mount House on the occassion of the Fancy Dress Whist Drive, and would like to take this opportunity of further thanking the hostesses. The preparation for this grand evening gave us plenty of amusement. When the questions "What shall I go as?" were finally answered, most amusing dressmaking

scenes were witnessed. With what zeal did the swarm of busy bees exercise their powers of needlework on the Union Jack, clogs etc.

One member of our family had a splendid opportunity of showing her capabilities (or otherwise) as a Matron, of late. How we wish that every week we were left one day at least to manage ourselves. It has been remarked that too much of this freedom would'nt pay.

We have to bid one of our members farewell at the close of this term, for which we are exceedingly sorry. We should like to extend to her dymuniadau gwresocaf am fywyd dedwydd a llwyddianus.

We will close our little epistle by stating that some of us wish 'Gwyl Dewi Saut' did not come round so often.

BEVOIS MOUNT HOUSE.

At the end of last term the Hostelites showed their scientific tendency by giving a practical illustration of the "Survival of the Fittest" principle. The weak one, and the meek one, got measles and went home, and so had the misfortune to miss that "auspicious occasion" when the voices of carol singers fell "like charmed music o'er the frighted throng" It may also have been "clear as the throbbing of a silver bell," but its only remuneration was copper—it being the end of term.

For one brief evening this term the Hostel was bewitched. This happens once a year, and each inmate is permitted to change her form. It is unknown whether each assumed a part suggestive of her character and natural vocation, but certain it is that there were Pierrots and Dutchmen, Golliwogs and Highwaymen, Naval Officers, Gypsies, Niggers, Princes, and Nuns.

One more week of school practice was found necessary for the young of Southampton, and to put the finishing polish upon that mastery of teaching which it is well-known all senior students possess. "There is not *much* drawing or musical talent in the Hostel," but what there is nobly rose to the occasion, and the diagrams produced are certainly worthy of mention. They embraced all departments of knowledge and art, and are now being preserved for framing and "presentation" in the approved style. A cycle ride and tea came at the end of it to show the "strenuis" that their "ardua" *had* "cedunt." Of course it rained, but wet and happy we all settled down in the school at Romsey to partake of that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." We did not allow the fact of it being a *school-room* to take from our keen enjoyment, and if we did not sufficiently show our appreciation of the kindness of the student who made arrangements for solving our "housing problem," we should like to thank him now.

B. M. H. stood up for its rights as a sensible 20th century hostel should, and put in its claim for a vote singly and *en masse* at the "Votes for Women" debate, and the interest aroused was so keen that we had a further meeting here, conducted by a local member of the W. S. P. H. We heard the history of the movement in a series of concise and interesting "points," and the fate of its pioneers—the usual fate of great people ahead of their age! We don't know of anyone who changed their opinions in the slightest degree by the debate or meeting, but "there are none so deaf as they who won't hear."

The Hostel has had a very jolly term, and the late soirée was "positively its last appearance in public" this term. It is about to withdraw itself to the happy hunting grounds of "swot" "when it feels so disposed," to turn up again next term like Mr. Micawber's expectations.

F. V. Kent.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

MENS' BRANCH.

LAST term was brought to a close by the visit of Mr. Cargin. A tea was given at the College to welcome him. We take this opportunity of thanking the women students for their kindness in preparing the tea. This was followed hy a meeting, which Mr. Cargin addressed in a very clear and forcihle manner, his subject being "Sin." On the Sunday following Mr. Cargin dealt with "The Missionary Crisis of the East." This meeting was well attended. This term was commenced by a paper on "Indifference." Mr. Merrett opened the discussion in a very able aud original way.

Mr. Bilson read a paper on "The Social and Personal Duty of Man." This was a report of several able addresses given at the Baslow Conference.

Mr. May dealt with an important subject entitled "The Prodigal Son."

On Feb. 13th, the Rev. Mitchell spoke to a combined meeting on "What is True Religion." Miss Mann rendered a solo. This meeting was preceded by a Prayer meeting at which a good numher of the Women Students were present.

Mr. Sellars addressed the meeting on Feb. 20th on "The Cross." This subject aroused a deep and serious discussion, which, we hope will not be forgotten.

On Feb. 27th "The Universal Day of Prayer" Mr. Tomlinson gave us a most excellent and what should prove to be, an exceedingly helpful address on "Prayer." A Prayer meeting followed.

Mr. Meyer's subject for March 6th will be "The Good Fight"

J. C.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

This term has been an important one for our Christian Union, for during it, we have held a united meeting at which the Basis was signed by all students desirous of becoming members. The meeting took place at Bevois Mount House, on Sunday, Jan. 30th, when Mr. Tomlinson very kindly came to speak to us. The attendance was good, and all who were present heard a splendid address, on the words of our Basis. Mr. Tomlinson pointed out the importance of signing it and thus becoming connected with the world-wide student movement. After the meeting, 33 students signed.

Another united meeting was held on Sunday, Feb. 27th at Windsor House, when Rev. John Morris addressed us on the subject of Prayer, in connection with the Universal Day of Prayer for students. At the close of the meeting a short prayer meeting was held, which was inspiring and helpful to all present. In preparation for this day, a united prayer meeting was held at College on Friday, Feb 25th, when there were 21 present, a very encouraging numher for the first of its kind.

We are pleased to report that the local students' Bible Circle has received additional members, but there is still room for more.

Other circles and daily prayer meetings are being held, and are all well attended.

E. W.

FROM OUT THE DEN.

♠ ♠ ♠

We can congratulate ourselves on having come through the election without a single smash, surely a sign of the effect of "*Civil*-ization on the Denizens."

The Den now resembles a drawing-room rather than a "private bar," and it only needs new furniture, better lighting, heating, ventilation—and a larger room—to make it really inhabitable.

Our "stoker" has indeed a scientific brain. He is still trying to remedy this last defect by raising the temperature of the stove until it is almost unbearable! We are sorry to discourage such an enthusiastic worker, but if only his labours were devoted to picking up paper, orange peel, etc., he would indeed be a public benefactor. Perhaps, however, he is training for a future existence, although it seems scarcely credible that such an innocent-looking youth should be troubled with thoughts of this kind.

If any gentleman would like to earn a few "thanks" by doing a little detective work, *e.g.*, tracing lost books, paint-boxes, drawing instruments, and authors of broken windows, he should apply to the Secretary without delay.

We thank the Common Room Carol Singers for their donation towards the expenses of the Den. Their most recent contribution will go towards the cost of a new crib-board, which is urgently needed.

SEC.

PHYSICAL CULTURE NOTES.

♠ ♠ ♠

THE first dancing this term took place at the end of our last week of school practice. It was limited to Seniors and to those unfortunate Juniors whose lack of experience in the art of teaching promoted them to the dignity of Seniors for the time being. There were a good number present considering the difficulties that arose through the election upsetting our plans. There were 50 to the tea (men and women), and the programme afterwards included several games, which were thoroughly enjoyed. We finished up most successfully with Sir Roger de Coverley, and were very grateful to Miss Aubrey for playing for us.

The Physical Culture proper did not begin this term until Feb. 19th, as the hall was engaged every Saturday. However, we made a good beginning by inviting the men students to join us, and we had a record attendance. Many made their *début* with considerable *éclat* that night, and those who began last term had all made such progress as to be almost independent of straws or pillars, or even platforms, to stay their gyroscopics at the right time.

Many thanks are due to those who so kindly helped us with the playing (especially the Lancers), and to those who got the hall ready for us.

E. G. P.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE proceedings of this Society were re-commenced on January 29th, the occasion of the annual conversazione, when Sir William White, K.C.B,, F.R.S., came down from London to give his presidential address. Sir W. White was until lately the Chief Designer to the Admiralty, and there was a very large gathering of local engineers and their friends to listen to his address.

Before proceeding to the hall Sir William and Lady White were met by the Reception Committee in the Library. The chair was taken at 8 p.m. by Mr. Wentworth Shields, the retiring President, who was supported by a distinguished company. He immediately proceeded to introduce Sir W. White as the Honorary President for the current session, and called upon him to give his address.

Sir W. White proceeded to read his paper, which might be entitled "Ship building and Docking Accommodation." He pointed out that the outstanding features of the progress of ship building in the last half century were the great and increasing dimensions of ships, the substitution of iron and steel for wood, and the improvements in the propelling machinery, all of which made it necessary that greater docking accommodation should he provided. In contrasting the size of modern vessels and those of 50 years ago, he instanced the *Mauretania*, the largest vessel of to-day, on the one hand, and a vessel helonging to the Royal Mail, which was the largest vessel in 1859, on the other. The former is 800-ft. long, 89-ft. wide, and 32,000 gross tonnage, with a draught of 34-ft., and a speed of 25-26 knots; whilst the latter was 336-ft. long, 41-ft. hroad, and 3,100 gross tonnage, with a draught of 21-ft., and a speed of from 12-15 knots.

In discussing the natural facilities of Southampton, he mentioned that the approach channel to the port was 32-ft. deep in low water spring tides, whilst the *Mauretania* was loaded for a draught of 34-ft. He also pointed out that increased draught tended towards greater economy, since an increase of 1-ft. in a vessel such as the *Mauretania* involved an increase in carrying capacity of 6,000 tons, which meant the cargo carrying capacity was douhled, whilst the propelliug power was only increased hy one-sixth. He also pointed out that such large vessels could only he run at a profit if the companies were suhsidised hy the Government.

Tbe Mayor proposed, and Dr. Tudsberry (Secretary to the Institute of Civil Engineers) seconded, that a hearty vote of thanks he given to Sir W. White for his very interesting paper.—The motion was carried with loud applause.

Colonel the Hon. H. G. L. Crichton proposed, and Prof. Eustice seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring President, Mr. Wentworth Shields, who, in replying, thanked the Principal of the College for the use of the hall and other rooms.

Refreshments were then served, and the Physical, Electrical, and Engineering Laboratories were thrown open to inspection.

The committee take this opportunity of thanking those who so kindly helped to entertain the Society's guests by arranging and exhibiting experiments, etc.

The next meeting of the Society was held on Februaty 5th, when Mr. R. Elliot, of Lloyd's Survey, read a paper upon "Repairs to Machinery." He mentioned many ingenious devices rendered necessary when an accident occurs at sea, hut said that in the case of injury due to wear and tear it was better to "scrap" the machinery.

The next meeting was held on February 19th, when Mr. R. Miller, an old Hartley student, gave a paper on "Commutation, with special reference to the Zone system." It was rather unfortunate that there was another social function in the College on the same date, but there was an appreciative audience to listen to this very interesting paper.

The present session has been most successful, and it is hoped that some visits to local engineering works will be arranged for the summer term.

T. C.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The meetings of this Society commenced on November 30th, 1909, when Mr. Marle delivered a lecture on "England's Oldest Colony." He gave a very interesting account of his experiences in Newfoundland, illustrating the points of interest with slides prepared from photographs which he himself had taken. There was a large attendance, and the lecture was much enjoyed.

On January 15th Mr. Bilson lectured on "Cathode Rays and X Rays." He described and illustrated the numerous phenomena which accompany the discharge of electricity through gases. The lecture proved very interesting.

Dr. Cavers gave the Society an enjoyable evening on February 15th, taking as his subject "Woods and Forests." The lecture was illustrated with limelight views, and consisted of a description of the appearance, leaves, seeds, etc., of the common trees. There was a large number present.

On every occasion the meetings have been well attended. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the ladies of the Society who have so willingly and ably prepared the teas.

A. F.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Choral Society has been very busy this term owing to the somewhat early visit of Dr. Somerville being fixed for February 24th. This news was received with some amount of apprehension, for the end of last term found the "Banner of St. George" far from perfection. However, several practices were held, and the members of the Society must be complimented on the splended efforts put forth by them, to bring the work as near as possible to perfection, in the very short time at their disposal.

The use of the stage has proved a splendid success and is a great advance on performances which have previously been given on the ground floor.

The Committee, considering the difficulty of the work, decided to present only one Folk Song this year. Those chosen were—(1) "Farewell Nancy" (for Women Students); (2) "Brennan on the Moor" (for Men Students). These were supplemented by "Under the Greenwood Tree" (Women Students), and "Sigh no more, Ladies" (Men), from the National Song Book.

On Thursday, February 24th, Dr. Somervell paid his visit to the College, and a fair number of friends gathered to witness the performance, which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Miss Aubrey (Pianist), Mr. Geo. Leake (Conductor), and Mr. Guyer (Organist), who each rendered splendid service to the Choral Society and contributed so much to the success achieved.

P.G.H.

SOUTHAMPTON SOCIETY OF OLD HARTLEYANS.

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On Decemher 11th we held our Whist Drive and Dance, there were sixty present. The prizes were carried off hy Miss S. Beer and Miss Camphell, Mr. Cassady and Mr. Wallis, while Miss E. Beer secured the hooby prize.

Our Musical Evening took place on Feh 18th, we were fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Leake, who gave us a most interesting Lecture entitled "Hymn Tunes and their use in Puhlic Worship." The lecture was illustrated hy hymn tunes, sung hy the Old Hartleyans and their friends, some of St. Mark's Choir also giving their services. Mr. F. Hallum officiated at the Harmonium. Professor Clarke presided, and at the conclusion of the lecture proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Leake, this was seconded hy Mr. Myland who told the audience he was one of the first batch of choirists under Mr. Leake at the College. At that time there were twenty-six lady voices and two male voices, and they "wrestled" with "when first I saw your face." Miss Bennett afterwards proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Clarke, which was seconded by Miss Cox.

By the time this issue of the Magazine is printed we shall have held our closing Soirée. We hope to have a successful time socially and financially, in which latter direction we have not heen so successful this year as we were last.

V.M.D.

MALE VOICE PARTY.

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The M.V.P. continue to hold practices on Saturday evenings at 7 p.m. Several of the memhers made their appearance at the last two Soirées in "A Farewell" and "Simple Simon," which were greatly appreciated.

We heg to announce that there are still vacancies for men with tenor voices, although we have found it necessary to limit the hasses to those who are at present memhers.

Our thanks are due to those memhers who attended the practices specially for the "Banner of St. George" which greatly assisted the work of the Choral Society.

It is hoped that members will do their best to attend the practices regularly, as in the event of a College Concert, which we hope will take place in the near future, it would be necessary to have something ready to present.

CHESS CLUB.

THE Chess Club this term has been progressing quite favourably. At the time of writing only eleven tournament games remain to be played. Few changes have taken place on the record board, the players having settled down in their proper positions. In the County Chess Trophy Competition we have been doing excellently. Out of three matches we have obtained all possible points, winning 10½ games to 4½. Our match with Southampton B was played at the Bungalow Café, when Prof. Watkin kindly entertained the teams. None of our side lost and we finished winners by 4 to 1. Prof. Watkin played well to draw with his opponent. He is in an unenviable position, having to meet some of the best men in the county.

Our match with Basingstoke was pleasantly contested at Prof. Watkin's House in Hill Lane. Basingstoke proved to be stronger than any of our former antagonists. They had only to beat us to be top of the division and consequently brought down a very strong team. They received their first defeat by 2 games to 3.

So far we are the only team with full points in the competition. But we must not boast. We have yet to meet Southampton C. who can put out a very strong side. The following table shows our position :—

H.U.C. ..	Played 3	Won 3	Points 3
Basingstoke ..	,, 4	,, 3	,, 3
Southampton C.	,, 3	,, 2	,, 2

It will be seen that if Southampton C. beat us, three teams tie for top place. We have only to draw to become champions of our division. But we hope to win. If so we shall have to meet the champions of the Portsmouth division in the final.

On Wednesday, March 2nd, we visited the Gladstone Club for the return match. Considering that the team was entirely composed of students, the result—a loss by 5 to 3 games—was quite creditable.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Prof. Watkin for the kindness and practical interest which he has taken in the club. He is its mainstay. Prof. Mason has been successful in all his games up to the present, and we hope that he will maintain this record. Mr. Mackie and R. S. Ruddle have each lost only half a point—very creditable performances. We wish them luck in the future matches.

A. E. H,

HOCKEY CLUB.

THIS term has been fairly full as regards Hockey matches, no less than nine having been arranged for the term, six of which have already been played, while one, it was found necessary to scratch.

Our first match was played on Jan. 26th at Shirley Road, against the Southampton Ladies, and the score resulted in our favour, it being 3 nil. On the following Saturday we journeyed to Newport, this match was one of the best we have had, as far as play goes, and both teams thoroughly enjoyed the game in spite of the fact that our left wing unfortunately smashed her stick, and had to borrow another. The result was 4 to 2 against us. After the match we were very kindly entertained to tea at the Secondary School and received a most hearty welcome.

Our next match was also played away, this time on the Redbridge ground, where we were very glad to see so many enthusiastic spectators. This match resulted in an easy win for us, the goal score being 5 to nil. in our favour. We were obliged to scratch our next match almost at the last moment, because our opponents, the Sandown Secondary School, were suffering from an attack of "flue."

The Newport team, however, had happily escaped that malady, and ame in good form for the return match on our ground. Just at the commencement of the game, the rain came down in a sharp shower, but it was not sufficient to stop play. We again had a very good match, resulting in another win for the visitors, by 2 goals to 1. We then went down to College, where we found a sumptuous tea prepared for us, and after a hearty meal, we showed our visitors the beauties of Hartley College, with which they were delighted. Our match with the Tartan team was played in a high wind of which we had the full benefit on the ground in Highfield Lane. As we won the toss, our Captain decided to have the hard work first, and under these circumstances we managed to score 1 goal, and the result of half time was 1—1. Although the second half was much easier work, we only scored one more goal, the final result being 2 to 1, in our favour. The last match we played was on Saturday. Feb. 26th, when we met the Southampton Ladies on our own ground. Again the rain somewhat interfered and made the ground very sticky, but we continued the game, which ended in a victory for the home team by 3 goals to 2.

We have had very few practices this term owing to the weather and other engagements, but the few we have had, have been well attended.

E. W.



SOCCER NOTES.



INTER-COLLEGE MATCHES — THE second term opened with a match at Winchester. The game itself was not the least interesting, only one carries pleasant memories of the homeward journey, and would like to see the day when that youthful player will return to St. Denys and "smack thee, Porter." As regards the play, there was brought into it some of that intense feeling which so often accompanies Inter-College matches. The College, or rather, since our opponents chose to lay claim to this name, the "'Varsity" was one up at half-time, a stiff breeze blowing against us. The second half lacked all football worthy of the name. It was a question of mark your man well, and we did it. So the "score-book" was not necessary and the cry became "keep them out." The result was a draw of two all, and, luckily for us, Agate saved a penalty—an art which he seems to have cultivated this term.

We appeared at Reading a fortnight later and, well—we were beaten again. Beyond doubt Reading are a fine team. They have every reason to produce such an eleven, living in Wantage Hall with grounds but a few minutes off. We dream of the days when Hartley will be so happily placed, but until then—we must be content. The team was weakened forward, but the score (5-0) does not in any sense denote the play. The football was not great on either side, but we have to admit ourselves beaten on all points this season by our opponents. Oh! for next season and to return the compliments. We were entertained in the evening at a Smoker, and spent a plesant time, and the journey home—may we live to see many more of the same!!

THE LEAGUE.—Hartley is happily placed this year. We must end up a good second. Tramways and Lymington both scratched to us, and two points are forthcoming from White Star in our favour.

The match at Netley was indeed slow. Both teams opened well, but the game settled down to a matter of fact affair, and we came out, as expected, the winners hy 3-0.

A week later Freemantle turned up with a strong team. The Common was in a frightful state, and, despite the weather, there was a large crowd of spectators. The game opened in robust style. Everything seemed to go well and at half-time the score stood in our favour (3-0). Then the game took a turn. Freemantle attacked and goals were scored alternatively, the College winning by 6-3. A great part of this victory is due to French and Turner, the former heing applauded time after time for his brilliant work. This win secured us the second place in the League.

Harland and Wolff were the leaders. Excitement ran high when both teams met at Shirley Warren. They were well matched, the College turning out the strongest eleven available. The game opened with a strong attack on our part, Turner breaking through on two occasions, the second

time he was nastily fouled. Lane scored from a penalty. The home team carried the game to the other end, and, though securing several corners, were unable to score, the defence playing brilliantly. The fight that ensued between the home left wing and our right was worth witnessing. Clark had the brilliant right wing of the "Nuts" well in hand. He was the best half on the field, and with Lane again in the team the defence was working soundly. The second half was even better. Both sides were playing delightful football. From a misunderstanding the ball dribbled into our goal mouth. Later Agate saved a penalty in great style. His play was brilliant. A draw was the result (1-1), and so we took from the leaders the first point they have lost.

Saturday Matches.—On a frosty ground we defeated the Grammar School (11-0)—a record we believe as far as Hartley is concerned.

The Wanderers produced rather a warm eleven, but they went to pieces towards the end, and we romped home 5-1. The match against the Olympians should not have been lost. A high wind was blowing and the College did not make use of it near enough in the first-half. The score was 2-1 against us. Newport was visited and—we rather regret the game. The referee had dined well and late. The ground was in a deplorable state—the tide was running high. We lost by the odd one in seven and hurried out of Newport as quickly as possible, when we amused ourselves on Cowes Pier, much to the delight of the populace. We drowned our disappointment in the thoughts of the Soirée at the other end of the journey.

The Second Eleven—The Second Eleven show a great improvement. They have won five, lost three, and drawn one. Winchester Seconds won after a hard game so did also Freemantle and Botley. They easily defeated a strong Grammar School eleven (5—2). Weather did not permit the return match with Taunton. Bitterne Park were beaten (2—0) as was also Y.M.C.A. (5—1). Misslebrook and Weston drew (1—1). Two more victories followed. St. Mary's were beaten (4—2) and St. Luke's (9—2). The last match was really startling, since St. Lukes had out really a good team. The best game was perhaps against Y.M.C.A., the forwards showing splendid combination.

G.A.

THE RUGBY CLUB.

Perhaps the most interesting match played at Regent's Park within the last two or three seasons was the game against Islington College on March 5th. Expectations ran high, when the strength of our opponents was known, as to how the College fifteen would shape, having played so little together. The result was excellent, from our standpoint, ending in a draw of one try each.

Hartley's team lined out as follows: Full-back, Smith; Three-quarters, Bowen, Osman, Turner, Samuel: Half-backs, Ayles, Cavill; Forwards, Cutler, Ireland, Meyer, Green, Parry, Humby, Turner, Mac Millan. Mr. Phillips was forced to scratch at the last moment owing to an injured knee. Mr. Crossley acted as referee. Professor Studer kicked off before a good crowd.

The ground was in a splendid condition, being spongy and favourable to fast play. But despite this, the game was slow and the pace was not fast until the last quarter of an hour. It was soon seen that the teams were

evenly matched. Though the College forwards lacked the "nicities" of forward play, yet they were superior in strength and weight. It was in the defence that Hartley was able to hold the game, Turner playing brilliantly and Osman's kicking was of great value.

Islington started pressing, but the game was soon relieved and play was midfield. Some pretty tackling and passing by our backs carried the ball into the "I's" 25. Their full-back, who played well throughout, saved by good kicking. A struggle took place in our 25, but the ball being carried over. Gradually we worked our way back, until owing to a misunderstanding the wing man broke through and scored. The goal kick failed. The result at half time was, Islington 3: Hartley 0.

On the resumption of play, Hartley started pressing and kept the ball well within our opponents 25. A free kick was given to us but was unconverted. Then the "I's" broke away and here Turner's tackling was great. Twice in succession our opponents forced the ball across the line, but failed to score. The College forwards carried the game well into Islington's 25. From a line out Osman took a splendid pass and scored. The kick proved fruitless.

From this point the pace increased considerably. Both three-quarters were forcing the game. Each 25 was visited in turn. A few minutes before the finish a scrum ensued on our line, but a free kick was awarded to us and so the game was saved. The result at full time was Islington 3 (one try); Hartley 3 (one try).

A combined tea was partaken of at the College and after the Captains had said all that was to be said, or left unsaid all they meant to be left unsaid, a record smoker was held. What with the help of the Islington team and our own freshly unearthed talent a splendid programme was provided And afterwards, as the notice said, we showed the "I's" the way to the station. What is more we taught them how to "toss" in right royal style, a habit they soon picked up. The train left the Station to the yelling of war-cries and with thoughts of victory for us when next we meet.

TERRITORIAL NOTES.

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Before the last notes appeared in print further successes were achieved by the company. Not only was the guard of honour at the prize distribution highly complimented by the Colonel on its turn out and movements, but during the week immediately following the result of the Battalion Challenge Shield Competition was announced. In the last issue of the Magazine I alluded to this competition, and said that with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether" we might reasonably expect to win the shield next year. However, we had not to wait till next year, for we succeeded in carrying off the shield and its accompanying £10 this year. The company obtained 235½ points, whilst the "runners up," E Company, secured 225½. Our success was mainly due to promptness in completing the Musketry Course and the high average of attendance at Camp. The company also secured the Emanuel Cup, which goes with the Battalion Challenge Shield, and No. 1 Section (Sergt. W. White) also carried off the Candy Cup, which is awarded to the most efficient section in the battalion, on lines similar to those governing the Challenge Shield. Sergt. White's section also secured the prize of £1 offered by Captain Richardson to the best section in G Company.

Application was made to the Colonel for permission to keep the trophies at College, and this was readily accorded, so the shield and two cups are now deposited in the Principal's room, while the "bonus" which accompanied them has departed. It is hoped that it will be possible to find means of placing them in a more conspicuous place at an early date. The winning of the shield carries with it the privilege of leading the battalion, and it is certain that the members of the company will make a good show in that proud position. Of course it would be idle to pretend that the company is perfect—no one is more conscious of its little weaknesses than the writer—but it is very certain that it has never been in such an efficient state as it is at present, and there is no intention of allowing any retrogression to take place. If all members will only continue to support the officers and N.C.O.'s as they have up to now the retaining of the shield can scarcely be questioned. The parades up to the present have been very satisfactory as regards the quality of the drill, but on the question of numbers on parade there is room for a slight improvement. On the competition parade before Christmas there were 62 of all ranks on parade, and there ought to be at least 60 present on every parade. At present the average is about 57.

In December the strength of the company reached 100 for the first time in its history. One cannot pretend that each individual comprising this hundred will be serving in the company at the next annual training, hut so far there have been very few losses, and we are more than ever confident that we shall go into Camp this year 100 strong. The Camp this year is to be at West Down, South Camp, on Salisbury Plain, and we are hoping to have just as high a percentage of attendance as we had last year. Every man who can possibly do so should attend for the full period, so that the company may coutinue to bear the good reputation it has earned for smartness, good spirit, and willingness to work. *A propos* of Camp, let me remind all men of the necessity of good stout boots, which should be obtained *now* and "broken in," for nothing is worse in Camp than a pair of new boots.

Consequent upon obtaining the necessary certificate, as reported in the last issue of the Magazine, Corpl. F. Waterman has been promoted to the rank of sergeant. One may safely say that this is in all respects a popular promotion, for one has only to be with Sergt. Waterman a short time to recognize that he is a thorough soldier in all respects, and that if he gives an order it is worth carrying out. By this promotion the company obtained for the first time since its formation a full complement of sergeants, than whom there are none better in the battalion. Following on this completion of establishment of sergeants a redistribution of responsibility has taken place. Each sergeant has been made responsible for the efficiency of his section in all respects. This is the system in vogue in the Regular Army, and, as it is our endeavour to become good soldiers, the nearer we can get to the Regular system the better.

The competition for lance-corporals will have been held before these notes appear in print. The syllahus has been somewhat revised, and it now includes bugle calls, which it is very essential for N.C.O.'s to know. As there are seven competitors for two vacancies the competitton promises to be very keen indeed. A further innovation has been introduced by making promotion to corporal dependent on competitive examination. These competitions are bound to result in an increase of efficiency, not only by securing well equipped N.C.O.'s, but also by causing the presence in the ranks of privates with a thorough knowledge of the details of their duty.

The Company Miniature Shooting Club has done remarkably well this season, the results up to the present amounting to 5 wins and 4 losses.

In the match against F Company, at Eastleigh, on February 25th, Sergt. Hallum had the distinction of heing the first memher of the company to score a possihle in a match, and just to prove that it was not mere chance he put all 11 shots (including the sighter) well into the hull—there were no "squeakers." On this occasion Sergt. White put up 49, and Pte. Tucker 48. At the time of writing the company holds third place in the Battalion League. Scores to date are:—

	Result.	*For.*	*Agst.*	
v. E Co.	L.	278	341	Corpl. Bartlett, 42; Sergt. White, 40.
v. E Co,	L.	322	345	Corpl. Harvey, 43; Sergt. White, 47; Col.-Sergt. Collins, Sergt. Hallum, Sergt. Waterman, Pte. Stainer, 40.
v. B Co.	W.	308	283	Pte. Tucker, 46; Sergt. Hallum, 43; Pte. Parker, 40.
v. C Co.	W.	331	266	Pte. Jupp, 46; Pte. Tucker, 45; Pte. Stainer, 42; Sergt. Hallum, 41; Col.-Sergt. Collins, Sergt. Paterman, 40.
v. H Co.	W.	328	311	Pte. Jupp, 47; Sergt. Waterman, 44; Sergt. White, 43; Pte. Tucker, 42; Col.-Sergt. Collins, 40; Sergt. Hallum, 40.
v. A Co.	L.	314	353	Pte. Tucker, 43: Sergt. White, 42; Pte. Jupp, 41.
v. F Co.	L.	319	334	Pte. Tucker, 46; Sergt. Hallum, 44: Sergt. Watermal, Sergt. White, and Corpl. Harvey, 43.
v. H Co.	W.	337	335	Sergt. White, 48; Corpl. Harvey, 47; Pte. Tucker, Pte. Stainer, and Pte. Jupp, 44.
v. F Co.	W.	334	304	Sergt. Hallum, 50; Sergt. White, 49; Pte. Tucker, 48; Sergt. Waterman, 46.

Several members of the company have recently heen awarded certificates by the National Rifle Association as follows:—Skilled Shot's Certificate to Sergt, White (this necessitates scoring 100 out of 105), and Riflemen's Certificates to Ptes. Harley, Heath, Kirkmau, Lock, and Stainer.

Arrangements are heing made to hold a Company Camp at Whitsuntide. This is the first venture of the kind the company has made, and it promises to be a great success, Already about 50 men have given in their names, and others are coming in daily.

On Friday, March 4th, a dinner was held in the Reading Room at College to celebrate the company's success in winning the shield. We were hononred by the company of the Colonel (Sir G. A. E. Hussey), Major Elliott, Major Hay, Sergt.-Major Callaghan, and Q.-M.-S. Knox. Apologies were recived from Col. the Hon. H. G. L. Crichton, A.D.C, (Brigadier Hampshire Territorial Infantry Brigade and Hon. Colonel 5th Hants), Major G. E. H. Ruffell (Quartermaster 5th Hants), and Capt. Coddington, our Adjutant, who expressed the wish that he might he able to attend a similar function next year.

The Reading Room made a admirahle Dining Hall and the tahles when spread made a very pretty picture. The Batallion Challenge Shield and the Emanuel and Candy Cups which the Company holds were displayed over the heads of the Chairman, Capt. Richardson, who was supported hy Lieuts. Guhh and Maxwell in addition to those mentioned above. When "full" justice had heen done to the menu, the Chairman gave the toast of "The King," after which Col. Sergt. Collins proposed "The Hon. Colonel, Colonel and Officers, 5th Hants Regt." He remarked that they had to thank the Hon. Colonel, Col. Crighton, for securing for the Company the Miniature Range on College Premises while both he and the

Colonel had made many efforts on our behalf with the County Association. As regards Officers he pointed out that the Battalion had now a full complement, and "G" Co. was the first Company to reach that position. In reply, Col. Sir G. Hussey said that "G" Co. had given an excellent lead in respect of commissioned ranks, and he hoped that it would now follow the equally excellent lead of other Companies and fill up the other ranks. The Battalion needed about 45 to complete its establishment and 25 of these were required for "G" Co. Major Elliott, who also responded, said that as one of the judges in the recent Drill Competition he must congratulate the company on the manner in which it turned out and on the way in which it carried out the movements. Having won the Shield he hoped that the Company would also set a good example on cleanliness of lines in camp.

Major Day then proposed "The Company Past, Present and Future.'- He said he felt like the moon, for heing Junior Major he shone with a re flected light—"G" Co., heing the sun. As regards the past he had once the honour of commanding the Company in Camp and he knew from his experience then that it was a good Company. He rememhered its vocal ahilities were very marked. As for the present we had won the shield and he could not forget that we belonged to his half battalion. However we should now march at the head of the Battalion and he should certainly apply to the Colonel, to have the Band in rear. The Company had two Subaltern Officers, who had distinguished themselves in their examinations and one of the hest sets of N.C.O.'s, in the Battalion and what more could he say. In reply, Capt. Richardson said he much appreciated the assistance rendered by the Suhaltern Officers and the N.C.O.'s, without whom he hardly knew how he should manage. The Company was a young one. it began from small beginnings and had developed till now it was at th top of the tree. He hoped that everyone would do his hest to keep it there. Sergt. Hallum, who also responded, referred to the kindly consideratiou, Major Day always displayed towards those under him and pointed out that what the Company really required were details such as signallers, band, &c. Sergt. White then gave "Comrades and Guests," and urged that it had not required very much efforts last year to win the shield and if all would do just as last year there would he no doubt of the Company's success. A first class Smoking Concert was afterwards held in the Common Room.

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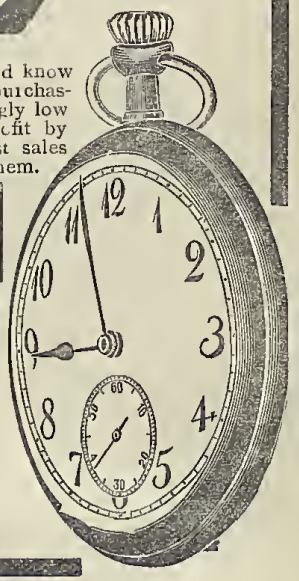
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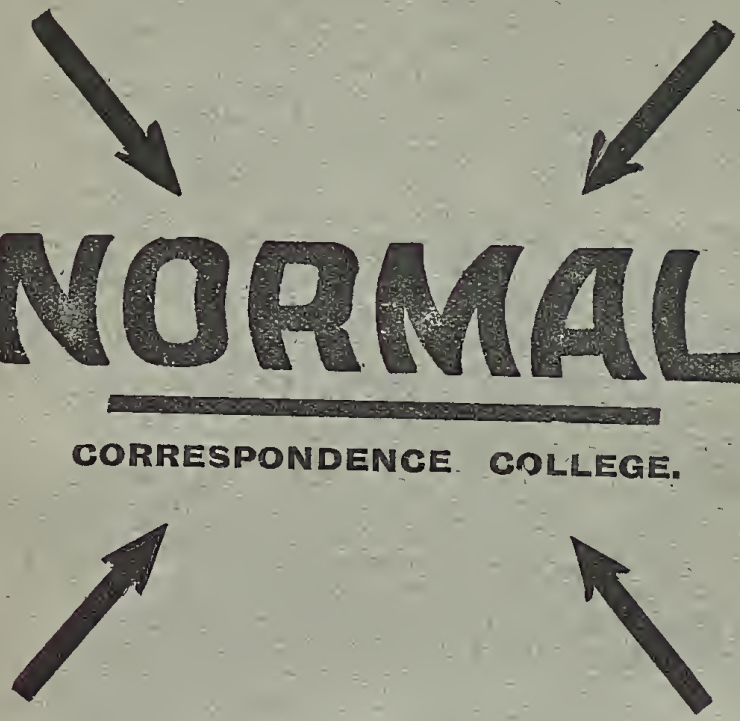
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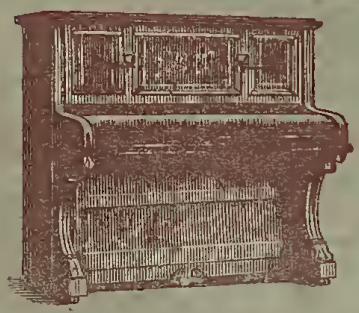
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